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THE WAR.

THE advantages which the Turkish army has lately obtained in the valley of the Morava must have furnished Russia with an additional reason for insisting on a six weeks' armistice. The wintry weather which will have begun before the expiration of the term will be more disadvantageous to the Turkish troops than to their Northern enemies; and the interval may be employed in the despatch of additional Russian reinforcements into Servia. The assumption of the command of the Roamanian army by Prince CHARLES, and his communication to Prince MILAN of the step which he has taken, seem to imply an alliance which would place a considerable auxiliary force at the disposal of Russia. According to another rumour, Prince CHARLES has sent to the European Courts an agent to inquire whether the Treaty of Paris is still to be considered in force. Whether the question has been officially asked may be doubtful, but it may easily be answered. An authoritative Russian paper has lately announced that the agreement of Russia to abstain from issuing letters of marque will be inoperative in the case of war, for which it was exclusively provided. The same writer adds that no treaty is binding on a Government which has an interest in breaking it. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his passionate vindication of the partial repudiation of the Treaty of Paris in 1870, propounded in substance the same doctrines which are now more cynically avowed; but the English Minister could not be accused, like the Russian journalist, of patriotic selfishness. The Treaty of Paris is worth little when none of those who imposed its conditions on Russia are willing to defend it. Day after day a Government which openly violates the rules of neutrality is assured, with unnecessary candour, that England will in no circumstances resist any project of usurpation or conquest. There is reason to believe that the language of the Government has been more dignified and more prudent. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord DERBY have not imitated the rash timidity of Lord ABERDEEN which brought on the Crimean war. It has been reserved for journalists to compromise the national honour and interest by protestations of helplessness, and by degrading appeals to Germany or France or Italy to undertake the defence of a cause which is to be abandoned by England. A novel element has been introduced into unofficial diplomacy by the personal pretensions of newspaper Correspondents. One of their number lately urged on the Servian Government, which had recently applied for the intervention of England to procure terms of peace, the prosecution of the war. Another, who dates his letters from Therapia, has for a long time devoted his energies to the object of discrediting the English AMBASSADOR, whom he sometimes designates as a Turk. Calumnies or exaggerations which have been officially corrected are deliberately repeated, to the grave detriment of the public interest, because the vanity of Correspondents requires that they should not admit themselves to have been mistaken.

It is not improbable that Turkey, deserted by Europe, may submit to all the demands of her implacable enemy and oppressor. General IGNATIEFF is perhaps not unwilling to resume, after an interval of six months, the policy of accelerating the destruction of Turkey by controlling the counsels of the Porte rather than by open force. Immediately before the dethronement of ABDUL AZIZ, the Russian AMBASSADOR is said to have persuaded the insane sovereign to ask for a Russian

garrison at Constantinople to protect his person and authority. The intrigue, if it was really organized, was defeated by the energy of the present Ministers, and it will not at present be revived in the same form; but the Russian Government would probably prefer the attainment of its objects by diplomacy to a formal war. It has for some time past negotiated at Constantinople, while Russian officers and soldiers were fighting in Servia; and the risk and expense of a regular campaign would be wasted if the Porte can be induced to surrender Bulgaria to a conquering force under the name of an army of occupation. Some months since Lord DERBY imprudently asserted that Russia could not afford to go to war, and there is no doubt that the Government is suffering under financial embarrassment; but want of money seldom prevents war, and large resources might be obtained by the suspension or repudiation of payment of interest on the debt.

A stronger reason for hesitation is furnished by the contingency of future resistance on the part of Governments which are now for various reasons passive. The vigour of the English Government may not always be paralysed by domestic faction; and there is no reason to suppose that the designs of Russia are approved by any Power in Europe, with perhaps the exception of Italy. An Italian alliance would be a source rather of weakness than of strength, if it were purchased by promises of aid or connivance to schemes of aggrandizement in the valleys of the Tyrol or on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic. The accomplishment of such projects would involve war with Austria, which can at any time render the position of Russian troops in European Turkey untenable. The report that the Austrian Government has assented to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria seems to be unfounded; but, on the other hand, it is not known that the intrigues of the pro-Russian section of the military aristocracy have been finally defeated. Count ANDRASSY, who shares the dislike of his countrymen to Russia, is still in office; but it is said that M. TISZA, Prime Minister of Hungary, is about to resign. Whatever may be the immediate decision of the Court of Vienna, the traditional policy of the monarchy, founded on its obvious interests, is certain to prevail in the end. Even in the days of the Holy Alliance both ALEXANDER and NICHOLAS, not without reason, regarded METTERNICH as their deadliest enemy. Since that time the independence of Hungary has greatly strengthened the party which habitually deprecates Russian aggression. It will be impossible permanently to disregard the feelings of the Magyars, who on their part sympathize with the German subjects of the Empire. Even Croatia and Dalmatia may perhaps not wholly approve of the subjugation by Russia of Servia and the adjoining provinces. No understanding between the two Courts will provide security against an ultimate collision. The occupation of the Danubian Principalities in 1854 followed a period of cordial union between the Russian and Austrian Governments. Political calculations are more safely founded on national interest than on the inclinations of Emperors or Ministers.

The neutrality of Germany is perhaps more fully assured; but there is no reason to believe that Prince BISMARCK will either assist the Russian designs or bind his Government to any definite policy for the future. Public opinion in Germany, though it is not favourable to Turkey, seems on the whole to be adverse to Russia. The causes which produced the virtual alliance between the two Imperial

Courts in 1870 are still partially in operation, but on every other ground the extension of Russian power must be distasteful to German statesmen. Every country or province which has the misfortune to be incorporated with the Russian dominions is from that time in a great degree severed from the rest of the world. The Northern and Eastern coasts of the Black Sea are already closed to importation; and if Roumania has, through fear or in hope of advantage, accepted Russian protection, the line of exclusion will be prolonged to the West. The conquest of Bulgaria implies the exclusion of foreign trade, as well as of every form of civil and religious liberty, from a region which is at present subject to a comparatively tolerant or wholly careless Government. Germany is as largely interested as any other country in the trade of South-Eastern Europe, and it will not regard with complacency the control of the Danube by an alien Power. All dangers of future hostility may be naturally regarded by the Russian Government as doubtful and remote; but it would be a bold enterprise to begin an unprovoked war of conquest without a single ally. The faction which has urged the Russian Government to annex the Northern provinces of Turkey will not be satisfied with the attainment of its first object. General TCHEBNAYEFF's paper already denounces as piratical the claim of England to prevent the Russians from possessing the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The pious and sentimental English writers who approve by anticipation the Russian conquest of Constantinople ought to be specially exempted by their allies from the charge of piracy. The European Governments are not likely, when the contingency occurs, to applaud a Russian conquest of Constantinople because it might be the final triumph of a religious crusade. If it is true that the Emperor of RUSSIA still desires peace, he has sufficient reasons for avoiding the perils which nevertheless have not deterred him from approaching to the verge of war. For the result he and his Government will be exclusively responsible. Of many unpatriotic and shortsighted fictions propounded during the present crisis, perhaps the most culpable is the systematic pretence that the Russian Government is forced into aggression against its will by the Societies which it could silence with a word. The Slavonic Committees were founded by the Government for the purpose of propagating disaffection in Bohemia and in Austrian Croatia. They have since been used to promote insurrection in Turkey; and they are now employed as stalking-horses to cover an official policy which it is not for the moment convenient to avow.

GERMANY.

GERMANY, like other nations, has two sides—the prosaic and the poetic—and exhibits them sometimes in rapid succession. Things happen in Germany, often within a few days of each other, of which every honourable German must be justly ashamed, and of which every honourable German must be justly proud. It is impossible to believe that there is one lover of his country in a hundred, out of the strictly official circle, who does not deplore the monstrous sentence on Count ARNIM. That Count ARNIM is a very foolish person, and has behaved in a very improper way, may be readily admitted. The pamphlet *Pro Nihilo* was a very offensive document. It betrayed confidences of the EMPEROR which were made with the unguarded ease that is natural when one gentleman thinks he may trust another. If Count ARNIM did not compose it, he must have supplied the materials, and there is something very discreditable in the attitude he has assumed in regard to its publication. He never says that he did not write it, or cause it to be written; he merely challenges his adversaries to prove that he had anything to do with it. This is not the course a high-minded man would take in such a case. If he had had nothing to do with it, Count ARNIM should have distinctly repudiated it as totally unworthy of him, and should have given every possible assistance in the discovery of the real author. What would be thought in England if a pamphlet appeared in which the confidential utterances of the QUEEN to Mr. GLADSTONE were revealed; and, on Mr. GLADSTONE being taxed with the authorship, he merely replied, "Prove that I sent it to the printer"? Count ARNIM by his conduct had irretrievably lost his position and his reputation, and he might have been safely

left to linger on in merited disgrace. But to sentence him to five years' penal servitude for doing what he has done is a frightful outrage on justice. The Court which awarded the sentence set forth, with a kind of comic gravity, the reasons of its decision—that Count ARNIM had betrayed his country, abused the confidence of the EMPEROR, and insulted Prince BISMARCK and the Foreign Office. That he had betrayed his country in any intelligible sense is totally untrue. What he had done was that, when French Ambassador, he failed to recognize that he was completely the subordinate of Prince BISMARCK, and was haunted by the old Prussian notion that he was answerable to no one but his sovereign. He did abuse the confidence of the EMPEROR, for he repeated remarks of the EMPEROR which were meant to be confidential, and for this he deserved to be dismissed from the EMPEROR's service. The offence of insulting the Foreign Office is so strange and new a one, so incomprehensible to English readers, that it is difficult to judge whether Count ARNIM committed it or not. We can only guess that, if such an offence could be imagined, Count ARNIM would be sure to have been guilty of it. But to give a man five years' penal servitude for insulting the Foreign Office is like a landlord burning a peasant's cottage because the peasant has not taken off his hat when they met. Lord DERBY would walk through a wilderness if all the Londoners who have insulted the Foreign Office in the last few months were sent to prison. Prince BISMARCK has of course had a triumph. He has shown how very powerful he is, just as the Pagan Gods were supposed to show how very powerful they were when they sent an earthquake or a thunderbolt because a pig of the wrong age had been sacrificed. But the sacrificers of pigs cannot have much admired or loved such Gods, and many Germans will secretly pass judgments on Prince BISMARCK's triumph into which very little love or admiration will enter. No doubt the official world will be, if possible, more abjectly afraid of him than ever; but many an honest noble will think that to persecute with vulgar tyranny the head of one of the first families of Prussia is a sad departure from good old traditions, and many an honest Liberal will sigh over the thought that at this time of the world's day such things can be done in the name of German justice.

Almost at the very time when this sentence on Count ARNIM was being drawn up, a very different phase of German life was being exhibited. The EMPEROR went in state to Baden to celebrate the completion of a monument erected in memory of the Badeners who fell in the last great struggle of the war with France. No feat of arms through the whole course of the war was more honourable to Germany than the resistance of WERDER and his Landwehr and Badeners at Villersexel and Montbéliard. The BOURBON expedition was well conceived, and was carried out with great intrepidity by the General and his troops. In spite of the deplorable insufficiency of all its necessary materials and provisions, the French army would in all probability have reached Belfort, and thence made its way into Germany, had it not been for the heroic resistance of WERDER and his soldiers. They fought a losing game until they won it. The time had come when the General had to tell his men that they must die for their country, and without a word or a sigh they died by thousands. The Badeners may well think that on those memorable days Baden deserved well of Germany. The noble pride of patriotic suffering has knit Baden to the Empire; and it was a great day for Baden and the Empire when the EMPEROR met WERDER at Freiburg to give solemnity to the occasion when Baden commemorated its dead. The enthusiasm was immense, genuine, and of a peculiarly German character. It took the form of an elaborate assertion that the bluff old EMPEROR was somehow the resuscitated self of the German crusader who, in a remote century, was drowned in a river in Cilicia. This fancy is called in Germany the fulfilment of a Saga, and seems in a very easy way to give immense delight to a nation full of sentiment, and gifted with the power of making a little poetry out of almost nothing. In its political aspect the Baden gathering may be held to show that the mass of the German population cling fondly to their new Empire. In spite of ecclesiastical dissensions and internal quarrels, the determination of Germany to be Germany is as unmistakable as ever. When great interests are at stake there is the same confidence in the EMPEROR, the same entire surrender of the whole guidance of the nation to Prince BISMARCK. In the

ordinary conduct of affairs the difficulties of Prince BISMARCK may perhaps be increasing. His adversaries do not grow less numerous, while his supporters are less at harmony among themselves. The primary elections for the Prussian Parliament are said to indicate an increasing strength of Ultramontanes and Separatists, and a diminishing strength, or at least a diminishing coherence, of the Liberals who follow Prince BISMARCK. Prince BISMARCK does not, indeed, govern by the support of a Liberal majority. He governs by using the support of Conservatives or Liberals as he finds most convenient. But his Liberal supporters used to be very enthusiastic in their support, and enthusiasm is agreeable to a Minister when it is on his side. The opposition to Prince BISMARCK, however, apart from that steadily offered by the Ultramontane and Separatist adversaries of the Empire, is only directed to minor matters. On all large questions which affect the interests or existence of Germany as a whole, Germany wishes to be led as may be best for her, believes that no one but Prince BISMARCK knows what is best for her, and is ready that he should speak or not speak, threaten or not threaten, strike or not strike, as he pleases.

The Eastern question naturally occupies the attention of Germany as it does that of all Europe, and the German press appears to have been allowed to discuss it with unaccustomed freedom. Prince BISMARCK stays at Varzin, and declines to tell any one what he thinks or what he means; but his countrymen offer their opinions as they think proper. The Germans spare themselves much of the trouble which agitates Englishmen. They are dead to one great portion of the Eastern question as it presents itself here. They do not care in the least for the Turks, and they do not care in the least for the Christians. They no more speculate as to which side began the Bulgarian atrocities than they speculate as to which side began the Peloponnesian war. They concentrate their whole attention on Russia. The feelings of the Conservatives and of those who think they have something to do with the Court are slightly, vaguely, and indistinctly in favour of Russia. The feelings of the Liberals, and of those who are democrats as opposed to courtiers, are decidedly hostile to Russia. Many causes contribute to this. There is the national sentiment that the Danube is a German river, and that Russia must not be allowed to command it. There is a painful apprehension among the business classes that, if Russia went to war, there would be an inevitable collapse in the finances of Russia, a probable collapse in those of Austria and Hungary, and a very serious crisis for the commerce of Germany. By far the strongest feeling, however, is that Russia is an uncivilized Power, and that the triumph of Russia and the Slavs, and of barbarism generally, threatens Germany and European civilization. The refined calculation that, if Russia went to war, it would be sure to ruin itself, and thus deliver Europe from an incubus, does not seem to have penetrated the German mind; and the Germans must be supposed to know something of the real state and strength of Russia. But whatever the Germans may think or write, whether they trust or distrust Russia, whether they look on the Czar as the EMPEROR's nephew or as the trembling chief of a horde of savages, they all agree that Prince BISMARCK must settle the course that Germany is to take; and what Prince BISMARCK is planning or wishing no one in Germany even pretends to guess.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

THE determination of the Ministers not to summon Parliament at present supplied an almost superfluous contradiction of last week's extravagant rumours. A few Liberal members, in want of something to say since the collapse of the atrocity agitation, have lately professed to think an autumn Session desirable; but probably they would have been both disappointed and alarmed by the fulfilment of their wishes. Six weeks ago Mr. GLADSTONE wished that Parliament should meet at a moment when he had some reason to suppose that the policy of the Government was unpopular. At a later time, having probably satisfied himself that the Liberal party was divided, while the supporters of the Ministry were unanimous, he founded a complaint on the erroneous assumption that a demand for a general election had been preferred and rejected. Not one member of the excited faction which has lately followed his lead has concurred in his preposterous suggestion.

It is perhaps no longer necessary to repeat the statement that it would be utterly unjustifiable to convocate Parliament when there was no business to submit for its consideration. An autumn Session would have implied at least an application for grants of money, or, in a contingency which has happily not occurred, the announcement of an intended declaration of war. It was and is possible that Parliament might be asked to sanction extraordinary expenditure on the army or the navy; but it would have been absurd to meet for the purpose of discussing the policy adopted by Lord DERBY long before the end of the regular Session. In default of other grounds of attack, Liberal speakers have lately confined their censures to the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum in the month of May. The decision was almost universally approved in England at the time; and members who may have dissented from the general opinion had full opportunity of stating their objections in Parliament. An autumn Session held for the discussion of the transactions of the spring can scarcely have been seriously proposed. It is true that the Bulgarian atrocities were equally within the knowledge of Parliament, and especially of Mr. GLADSTONE, who declined to enter on the subject in the absence of official reports. He had obtained no additional testimony when he suddenly determined to take advantage of a popular clamour which seemed dangerous to the Government. Wiseacres who have recently discovered that, but for Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet, the Government would have gone to war, may be contented with the effective substitution of declamatory invective for Parliamentary debate. On the same authority it is known that Semitic tendencies, or, in Mr. GLADSTONE's phrase, Judaic sympathies, would have accounted for Lord BEACONSFIELD's share in a desperate policy. Lord DERBY's fierce and excitable temperament, and the warlike fanaticism of the rest of the Cabinet, were happily counteracted by an unwise pamphlet and many foolish speeches.

The exertions of the English Government to maintain peace have not hitherto been successful, although the immediate danger appears to have somewhat diminished. Political writers who chuckle over the impotence of diplomacy in collision with brute force are in one sense in the right. The proper business of diplomatists is to avert war; and any unscrupulous ruler with an army at his disposal may at any time, with conclusive effect, throw his sword into the scale. In the early part of the present century it was wholly useless to negotiate with NAPOLEON, unless Governments which might still be nominally independent were prepared to acquiesce in all his demands. In the present year the attempt to dissuade Russia from the prosecution of ambitious designs has been equally useless. When the Servian Government asked for the good offices of England and the other Powers to obtain peace from Turkey, it seemed for a moment that war might be prevented or terminated. The Servians attributed their subsequent repudiation of pacific designs to Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet and the atrocity meetings; but it is possible that the English agitation may have furnished Russia rather with an excuse than with a reason for pursuing a predetermined policy. The influence of England, which was temporarily paralysed by domestic faction and folly, might, even in the most favourable circumstances, have proved insufficient to attain its beneficent object. The alternative policy which some of the opponents of the Government contrast with straightforward efforts to promote peace would have consisted in attempts to substitute English patronage of the insurgents in Turkey for Russian alliance and protection. It is a sufficient answer to the more responsible class of critics that no English Ministry has at any time attempted, while it maintained friendly relations with the Porte, to encourage or subsidize rebellion against its authority. No labour has been spared in urging the Turkish Government to reform its administration. Professed sympathy with the insurgents in Herzegovina, involving hopes of contingent assistance, would have made recommendations of reform both absurd and dishonest. It must be admitted that this particular form of double dealing cannot be attributed to Russia. For several years ending with the dethronement of ABDUL AZIZ, the almost unlimited influence of the Russian AMBASSADOR over the SULTAN was never exercised for the purpose of securing better government to the Christian population. The Bulgarian atrocities occurred during the supremacy of General IGNATIEFF at Constantinople, although English

demagogues affect to feel a national responsibility for the crimes which they ascribe to confidence in English protection. It may also be worth while to remember that England has not yet adopted the new international doctrine that treaties may be violated as soon as their provisions are found inconvenient. The Treaty of Paris, which was quoted by Mr. LOWE as if it had included a contrary provision, expressly prohibits the European Powers from interfering in the internal affairs of Turkey. Good advice is not inconsistent with the terms of the treaty, but aid to insurgents would be a breach of the engagements which it contains.

It is evident that, if Russia is determined to make war upon Turkey, the rupture can only be prevented by the menace or the use of force. The quarrel was utterly unprovoked on the part of Turkey; for even the Bulgarian outrages which now furnish a pretext for interference were caused by Russian intrigues to promote insurrection in the province. It might have been supposed that the thin disguise which covers a policy of aggrandizement would have served the purpose of conventional decency rather than of concealment; but it seems that Russian professions of sympathy for the oppressed subjects of Turkey are seriously accepted. In an article on the Turkish Empire in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, the writer, who is friendly to Russia and hostile to Turkey, gravely speaks of the immense sacrifices which Russia has for generations past made for the sake of the kindred Christian races which are still under the Turkish yoke. It might be difficult to show that Russia has ever expended a life or a rouble for the benefit of Bosnia or Bulgaria. The kindred Christian races whose grievances have often furnished excuses for territorial aggression have only been known as kindred to the Russians within the last dozen years. At the time of the Crimean war neither Russians nor South Slavonians had learned that they were associated with one another by irresistible sympathies of blood and language. The early inventors of ethnology little suspected the crimes which would in future times be committed in the name of their fascinating science. The different branches of the Slavonic race had been content for centuries to dwell apart, and those of them who were subject to the Turks were described in the language of diplomacy as Greeks, because they for the most part belonged to the Greek or Eastern communion. The Russians from time to time made war on the Turks in the alleged interest of their co-religionists, and not of their kinsmen. The Orthodox monks of Jerusalem and their congregations who, perhaps much to their own surprise, caused the Emperor NICHOLAS to avenge their wrongs by crossing the Pruth, were probably not of Slavonic blood. English promoters of Russian policy will perhaps be shocked to learn that the students at Pesth have lately proclaimed their sympathy with the Turks on account of their Turanian origin. Political feeling readily assumes the form of pedantic nonsense. It may be doubted whether the Christian inhabitants of the Turkish provinces really wish to substitute the Russian for the Turkish rule; but it is possible that they may, like the world in general, prefer unknown evils to actual sufferings. At present they are ill governed, neglected in ordinary times, and occasionally exposed to gross oppression; but the weak and lax administration of Turkey has not prevented the growth of population and prosperity in Bulgaria. A Russian conquest means a rigorous despotism, exclusion from trade with the rest of the world, and for those who depart from the Orthodox creed the negation of religious liberty. Large districts in Poland have been forcibly converted from Latin Catholicism by military force, and the same measures would be unhesitatingly applied to Catholics or Protestants in new Russian provinces. The protest of the American missionaries against Russian conquest is significant, though it will probably not attract the notice of English Nonconformist agitators. On the day in 1854 on which the declaration of war against Russia was communicated to the House of Lords, Lord SHAFESBURY made an eloquent appeal to the sympathies of Protestant communities with the tolerant Government of Turkey. Even Bishop STROSSMAYER, who bitterly hates the Turks, lately declared that their rule was preferable to that of Russia, and his approval of Russian invasion was contingent on a paradoxical hope that the extension of the Empire would result in its destruction.

INDIAN CURRENCY.

THE Indian Government has taken an opportunity of explaining and justifying the policy it intends to pursue in view of the fall in silver. That policy is as simple as it is wise. The Government is not going to do anything. It will not interfere to arrest by any artificial means the fall in the value of the rupee. This decision is in accordance with the evidence offered to the Committee of the House of Commons, with the Report of that Committee, and with the conclusions which discussion has since established. In the first place, there is so complete a want of data on which to judge of the effects which any artificial remedy would produce, or of the course which, if left to itself, the silver market will take in India, that the Government might well shrink from taking a leap in the dark. The whole subject of silver in the East is wrapt in the darkest obscurity. No one knows or can even guess what is the stock of silver in China and India. We know how much has been coined in India in recent years, but we are in complete ignorance as to what has become of it. The German Government has had to own that it could only form the vaguest guess as to the stock of silver in Germany; and it is much easier to make a guess as to a country like Germany, with European habits, than to make it as to India, where untold quantities of rupees are being perpetually converted into silver ornaments. In the next place, to any remedy that can be proposed for the inconvenience caused in India by the depreciation of silver there are obvious objections. There is nothing that the Government could do which would not do some amount of indisputable harm, and inaction must be shown to be very mischievous for a Government to stir itself to any form of action that is attended with obvious danger. All that the Indian Government can offer is not to increase by its own act the inconveniences which are the cause of much embarrassment to itself and others. It will not borrow any more money for public works in England. Those works which promise to be profitable will not be discontinued; but the development of the resources of India will only be prosecuted so far as the Government is able to provide for them by loans the interest on which will be payable in silver in India. A faint hope is also shadowed forth by the Government that it may in the future be able to buy in India stores which it has hitherto purchased in England, so that the drafts of the Home Government on India may be so far diminished. But it is not to be expected that much can be done in this way. It is only when a better or as good a bargain in the purchase of stores can be made by buying them in India that the Government can help India by purchasing them there. As the stores are necessary, and as India has to pay for them, it must be best for India to buy them in the best market.

The Resolution of the Government announcing its decision was issued in reply to some suggestions of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce. This Chamber had a proposal to make by which it thought the harm done by the fall of silver might be averted. It was the worst remedy that could have been suggested. The proposal was simply that no more rupees should be coined, and no foreign rupees admitted. In this way the rupee would soon gain an artificial value. A rupee would become a sort of article of luxury which would be hard to get, and must be paid for proportionately. The proposal, in other words, was that the country should have a currency too small for its wants. Those who had to receive rupees would gain, and those who had to pay rupees would lose. All debtors would suffer and all creditors would profit by the interposition of the Government. Nothing could be more unjust or more vexations, or more certain to create discontent and suspicion, as the Government is the chief of creditors in India, and would have been thought to be legislating for its own special benefit. No Government can tell what is the amount of currency which a nation requires, and therefore all good systems of currency are so contrived as to act automatically. The whole world may take the metal forming the legal tender to the mint and have it coined. If the nation wants the new coinage, it will keep it; if not, it is sure to get rid of it. But if the Government at any time says that no more metal shall be coined, it produces either no effect or a bad effect. If, by some wonderful piece of good luck, it fixes the amount of the currency at the point which is, and will continue to be, the precise limit of what the country requires, it will not have produced any new effect whatever; for this is the precise point at which the amount of the

currency would have rested if the Government had not interfered at all, and had allowed the limit to be ascertained by the automatic system. If the limit arbitrarily fixed is below the wants of the country, then the country must suffer by having an insufficient currency, or, in other words, by an artificial lowering of prices. The Bengal Chamber of Commerce had scarcely what is called in France the courage of its opinions, or it would have recommended the Government, while coining no more silver, to sell some of the silver it has got. If the way out of the difficulty in which India now finds itself is to contract the currency, the more effectually it was contracted the sooner the remedy would operate.

The Chamber of Commerce had not accompanied its proposal for the limitation of the silver coinage by any reference to gold. It is undeniable that, if gold were made the metal of legal tender in India, the country would be protected against the evils consequent on rapid changes in the value of silver; and there are no theoretical objections to the substitution of one metal acting automatically for another. But practically the Indian Government cannot substitute gold for silver. It has got nothing with which to buy the requisite gold. It is much too poor to attempt an operation which must be enormously costly. France substituted to a very large extent a gold for a silver coinage; but it did this by its silver being taken away from it when silver was at an exceptionally high price. To buy gold with silver when silver is at an exceptionally low price is an operation which is now taxing the resources of a country like Germany, although Germany has had the windfall of the French indemnity. As the Indian Government cannot substitute gold for silver, it may seem unnecessary to add any argument showing that it would be highly inexpedient to make the substitution, if it were possible. But India is a country entirely unfitted for a gold coinage. The mass of currency operations in India are on the tiniest scale. What the natives want is coins of a small value to conduct very small bargains. The civilization of India is not advanced enough for a gold coinage. And this state of things, which is somewhat irrelevant with reference to the substitution of gold for silver, as everything is irrelevant to a thing that is impossible, deserves notice, when looked on as one of many objections to another proposal. It has been suggested that India might imitate the Latin Union, and cease to coin silver, or only coin silver to a small amount, while gold, being accepted as a second standard, might be coined without limit. To the system of a double standard whenever it may be established, there are fundamental objections. But in India the offer of a concurrent gold standard, would be nugatory. The people do not want gold, and they do want silver. To cease to coin silver would be to cease to give the currency which is really required. The transactions of Indian life do not admit of being carried on in gold. If, therefore, the silver coinage were artificially limited, the evils of the limitation would be felt almost, if not quite as severely as if the double standard had not been introduced. The case was entirely different with the countries of the Latin Union—that is, with France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece. As Italy has got rid of its bullion almost entirely, France is incomparably the most important of these States, and France had become a gold-using country long before 1874, when the resolution to limit the silver coinage was taken. It is estimated that during the Empire France substituted gold for silver to the extent of 170 millions sterling. The French people have learnt to use gold as coinage. But the people of India have not. No doubt much gold has in recent years flowed into India; not less perhaps, if the estimates of the Silver Committee can be trusted, than 100 millions sterling has gone into India in the last forty years, and has stayed there. Enormous as the sum seems, it has been absorbed, and principally in the shape of gold ornaments, although some has been hoarded. Gold has never been used as a token of value by the people. Any limitation of the silver coinage of India would thus be the limitation of the only coinage known to the community and suited to its habits. If, therefore, we look to the convenience of the people of India, we may attend to silver only and dismiss gold from our thoughts. The only way to deal with the silver coinage, in order to counteract the fall of silver, is to limit it artificially; and when this proposal is discarded, there is nothing left but to adopt the conclusion to which the Government very properly came, and leave things alone.

MR. HANKEY ON PUBLIC BUSINESS.

MR. THOMSON HANKEY has published, in the form of a letter to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, some suggestions for improving the management of public business in the House of Commons which deserve the consideration of those who habitually attend to Parliamentary details. At the present time it is satisfactory to find that a Liberal member of weight and experience can propose measures which he thinks useful in friendly terms for the consideration of a Minister. Mr. THOMSON HANKEY apparently wishes to effect the practical object which he has in view rather than to damage or affront a political adversary. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is not even threatened with exclusion from decent society if he fails to agree with his correspondent as to the expediency of morning sittings. There is no dispute as to the magnitude of the inconvenience which Mr. HANKEY proposes to correct or diminish. The Government business, which necessarily takes precedence of ordinary legislation, is, under the present arrangements, unavoidably delayed at the beginning of the Session, with the result at a later period of depriving private members of their legitimate opportunities. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would conciliate the favour of the House at the opening of his new career if he could devise or adopt methods of relieving the pressure which causes universal complaint. His brilliant predecessor, while he consulted the temper of the House with almost unfailing tact, had little aptitude for the contrivances which in the conduct of business tend to economize time and trouble. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he was more capable than his rival of minute industry, may perhaps during his tenure of office not have found leisure to readjust Parliamentary machinery. Mr. LOWE, with characteristic frankness, sometimes irritated independent members in the highest degree by assuring them that their projects of legislation were for the most part impracticable crotchetts, and that the Government business ought to have a monopoly of the serious attention of the House. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has no predilection for unpopular paradoxes, or even for unpleasant truths; and his long experience in office and in Parliament has probably confirmed his original appreciation of the advantages of method and order. As a Minister, he probably inclines to the preference of Government business which Mr. LOWE expressed in the crudest possible form. Mr. THOMSON HANKEY, although he has never held office, and although he perhaps sympathizes with the grievances of independent members rather than with the troubles of Ministers, has judiciously recommended changes which purport to facilitate the most important kind of legislation.

Parliamentary life is in modern times a profession, requiring technical knowledge which can only be learned by practice. The statute law of Parliamentary procedure is contained in the Standing Orders, while the common law resides in the memory of the Speaker, of a few old members who possess a traditional knowledge of the subject, and of the clerks at the table, and especially of their distinguished chief. Reports of the debates convey an imperfect impression of the transaction of business at each separate sitting. The non-Parliamentary world takes an interest in nearly all the topics which are discussed; but, except on rare occasions, it knows nothing of the mode in which the precedence and succession of debates are determined. Mr. THOMSON HANKEY describes some part of the practice; but laymen might as well attempt to criticize the Common Law Procedure Act, or the rules under the Judicature Act, as to form an opinion on the mode of disposing of Government orders on the paper of the day. The mass of business is indicated by Mr. HANKEY's statement that in the month of July the paper of Votes delivered to members every morning sometimes weighs twelve ounces, and costs above 90*l.* for printing. It is obvious even to the uninitiated that of so voluminous a list only a small part can be brought forward on the day which is nominally fixed for the discussion. It is therefore not surprising that the leader of the House is invariably compelled towards the close of the Session to withdraw measures which often possess considerable importance. It is extremely difficult for an independent member to carry an opposed Bill, even when the principle of the measure is approved by a large majority of the House. Considering the impediments to legislation, which Mr. THOMSON HANKEY concisely enumerates, it may cause some surprise that the annual production of statutes is sufficient to occupy one or two thick

volumes; nor is it unnatural to regard with a kind of complacency the causes which prevent a further increase of bulk; yet Mr. HANKEY contends with reason that measures which are important enough to be included in the QUEEN's Speech ought not to be abandoned merely for want of time. In the last Session the Ministers were perhaps considered fortunate beyond the average in passing four out of six measures which had been originally announced. The progress of the Merchant Shipping Bill and of the Elementary Education Bill was necessarily slow. The Commons Inclosure Bill gave occasion for less debate; and the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, though it was materially altered in the House of Commons, was only discussed by lawyers. The Universities Bill and the Prisons Bill were withdrawn for want of time; but in both cases practical progress had been made towards future legislation.

MR. THOMSON HANKEY proposes to submit Government Bills which have passed a second reading to a Committee of the whole House, proceeding with them continuously at morning sittings during the first weeks of the Session. He would also in such cases guard against counts-out by reducing the quorum of members to the number of twenty-five. No members would, he thinks, attend except those who might be interested in the subject, and "probably" there would be fewer notices of amendment, as every "member would be better able to calculate on the precise time when such amendments should be brought forward." In the first weeks of the Session there are no public Committees, and private Bills Committees seldom sit before the beginning of March. Mr. HANKEY thinks that by the adoption of his plan much of the Government business might be disposed of before Easter, so as to leave the House comparatively at leisure to consider the Budget. Independent members would after Easter have better opportunities than at present to bring forward their Bills and motions, and perhaps it might be possible for Parliament to rise somewhat earlier. The whole matter belongs exclusively to the province of members of Parliament, whose convenience and inclination must be consulted by any leader of the House who proposes a change in the conduct of business. In June and July it is found that morning sittings produce a disinclination to resume work at night; and they clash with the official engagements of Ministers; but in the Committees which Mr. THOMSON HANKEY proposes it would seldom be necessary for any member of the Cabinet to attend, except the Minister in charge of the Bill. In some cases the desirable object of limiting the number present would not be attained. In the morning, as in the evening, there would have been party debates and divisions on the Elementary Education Bill. On the whole, the balance of convenience seems to incline in favour of Mr. HANKEY's plan.

Business was done quicker, if not better, in the remote times when debate was confined to a few leading members. The number present was then comparatively small, except on the occasion of great party contests; for regular attendance was neither an attractive amusement nor a fashionable occupation. There are now many members to whom the House of Commons is a club, and almost a residence, and who have nothing to do during their tedious residence in London except to listen to the debates or to share in them. The legislative activity of the House is often and necessarily interrupted by the exercise of the executive or political functions which are inseparable from Parliamentary government. It is too probable that in the next Session Parliament may be frequently compelled to discuss grave questions of national policy. Fortunately it is only on rare occasions that the House of Commons is engaged in the consideration of votes of censure or of confidence. While it is constitutionally and practically necessary to maintain the sovereign authority of Parliament, the discharge of its legislative functions ought to be regarded as its primary and ordinary duty. It is only by strict adherence to rule that the House of Commons is able to attain the qualified success in disposing of legislative business which has been hitherto attained. It is wonderful that so large a body should so seldom fall into confusion or irregularity, and that it should for many years have uniformly maintained the tradition of deference to its own constituted authorities. The House of Lords, with much less to do, maintains a less rigid discipline, while it has an advantage in the comparatively small number of orators and debaters. The courteous relations which in modern times usually prevail between Ministers and leaders of Opposition tend greatly to facilitate the transaction of business. There

is no danger that any improvement of procedure which may be proposed by the Government will give rise to party contests.

THE LONG ASHTON ACCIDENT.

THE accident, if it can be called an accident, which befell the Great Western express at Long Ashton on the 27th of July may be considered with equal justice one of the most and one of the least alarming of recent railway disasters. It is alarming to think that on one of the chief English lines express trains have been running for months on a roadway entirely unfit to carry them. On the other hand, it is consolatory to find that the disaster was due to causes which it is perfectly easy to ascertain, and perfectly easy to obviate. There are secret flaws in machinery which it is perhaps impossible always to discover before they are made known by the ruin they cause; and the vigilance of well-trained servants will sometimes relax, and blunders may be made even under the best system. But the roadway of a line can always be made good if sufficient money and pains are bestowed on the task. The standard of necessary goodness must, however, depend on the purposes for which the roadway is used. The faster the train the better must be the roadway, or accidents are sure to happen. The regular pace of the "Flying Dutchman" on the Great Western Railway is sixty miles an hour, and no train can travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour without exposing the lives of passengers and servants to enormous and constant risk, unless the roadway is in the very best possible order. At the end of last July the roadway of the Bristol and Exeter section of the Great Western was in a state which made it in the highest degree culpable to send over it a train going at the rate of a mile a minute. It was not that here and there a part of the line was not in first-rate order. The line was unsound for the purposes of high speed from one end to the other. After the accident Captain TYLER inspected the line, and found in a length of seventy-seven miles nearly twenty thousand faults. The rails were defective, the timbers were defective, joint plates were broken, rail-joints were bad, fastenings were insufficient, and the ballast was in parts in a lamentable state. That a Company should be found to run trains at the rate of sixty miles an hour over such a line, on which it is difficult to see how it could have been considered safe to send trains at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is enough to startle a confiding public. On the other hand, it is reassuring to be able to gather from Captain TYLER's Report that a Company can, if it chooses, make its roadway good enough to exclude from probable contingencies the risk of a train which goes a mile a minute leaving the rails.

The case of the Long Ashton accident was fortunately free from all complications. It was evident that the defective state of the roadway caused it, and it was evident that nothing else caused it or contributed to cause it. The rolling stock was all sound, and no driver, signalman, or station-master was in fault. The gradient was easy, the curve slight. It so happened that the stock of water in the tank of the engine had been so far consumed that the pressure on the leading bogie-truck, which was the one that left the rails, was as great as it could be. Everything was in favour of the train except the roadway; and these are the terms in which Captain TYLER describes the roadway at the spot where the accident took place:—"The 'off-rail rested loosely on the longitudinal sleeper and the 'sleeper loosely on the ballast. The line was not in good 'level. The gauge was slightly tight in consequence of 'the damaged condition of the rails on both sides." What happened was so natural that the only wonder is that it had not happened long before in such a place. The off-wheel of the leading bogie-truck mounted at a defective place in the rail, and it mounted so lightly and easily that it made a comparatively slight mark on the rail. Having jumped in this way at a place where everything invited a light and facile spring, the engine crossed the down line, struck against the slope of a cutting, turned over and over, and ultimately rested on its side, 527 feet, or the tenth part of a mile, from the spot where it first mounted the rail. Three of the carriages left the rails, and the whole train ran or was dragged on until the hindermost carriage was opposite the engine. The engine-driver and the fireman were killed, and fourteen passengers and two servants of the Company were injured. Considering the nature of the accident, it is wonderful that the results were not worse; and there can be little doubt that they would have

been much worse had it not happened that the engine broke away quite clear of the carriages. Fourteen passengers injured, and none but servants of the Company killed, is a light list of casualties in these days of terrible railway disasters. But the Company has nothing but its good fortune to thank. It had arranged all the elements of as terrible a disaster as ever startled the public. It was beyond calculation that an engine running on such a roadway at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and leaving the rails, should merely cause injury to fourteen passengers. Every condition had been fulfilled which made it probable that more persons would be killed than were actually disabled; and the risk to which the Company wantonly exposed the public must be measured, not by the minor calamity which occurred, but by the larger calamity which it was probable would occur.

It would be interesting to know the real history of the circumstances under which a long section of the roadway of one of the chief English lines was in such a state, and some of the fastest trains that run in the world were sent over it. The Bristol and Exeter line was until recently the property of an independent Company, which sold it by authority of an Act obtained last Session to the Great Western. The terms having been agreed on, subject to the ratification of Parliament, the Great Western took over possession of the line last January. If the line was in a bad state on the first day of this year, it is evident that it must have been in a bad state long previously; ten thousand defective rails and nearly as many defective timbers show a long reign of neglect. The Bristol and Exeter handed over a defective line; and it is a matter of notoriety that nothing is more common than for a Company which sees its way to selling its line to allow its road to get into a bad condition. The working expenses being thus temporarily diminished, the dividends are higher, and the terms of the bargain are usually settled with reference to the dividends recently earned. If a Company that is going to sell its line divides six instead of five per cent. by a reduction of its working expenses, the shareholders pocket the increased dividend for the time, and capitalize the increase in the amount of the purchase-money. On the other hand, the purchasing Company justifies what it may be conscious is rather a disadvantageous bargain by an appeal to the dividends actually earned. Both buyers and sellers are therefore inclined to pass easily over the drawback of a defective permanent way; and so natural is this, that it may be done without the parties placing clearly before themselves that it is being done. The Bristol and Exeter, in point of fact, handed over a defective line; and, without its being for a moment supposed that they allowed their line to get into a dangerous state in order to consult their own interests, it is in accordance with railway experience to find it probable that they took less interest in a property which was soon to cease to be theirs, and did not wish to diminish their dividends by any outlay that could possibly be avoided. The fault of the Long Ashton accident lies wholly at the door of the Great Western. They had many months in which to ascertain the state of the line. Their engineers must have known that the line was not in a fit state to carry the "Flying Dutchman." If they did not warn those who employed them they were greatly to blame, and if they did, then those whom they warned were greatly to blame for not heeding the warning. Nor was it only a warning of what might happen that was or should have been given. A warning was given by what actually had happened. An accident had taken place on the line a short time before, near Exeter, to this same express train, owing to the state of the road. This was a warning; but it remained unheeded. It was probably the very badness of the road that prevented the warning being taken. If a moderate amount of money and labour would have made the road safe, measures would have been taken to avert or diminish risk. But it requires elaborate financial arrangements to mend a line that shows on inspection twenty thousand faults. Since the accident, the Great Western Company has been in a position to take effectual precautions. Large sums are being expended on the road, and every day the safety of passengers travelling by the "Flying Dutchman" is better assured. This is satisfactory so far as it goes. It is better to do right late than never. But it cannot be justifiable that the public should incur for more than half a year such risks as those to which the travellers by the "Flying Dutchman" were daily exposed. It deserves consideration whether the Board of Trade should not ensure some protection to the public before an acci-

dent like that of Long Ashton occurs. After the accident had occurred, Captain TYLER, on more than one occasion, procured orders from the Board for the diminution of the speed of the express. It would, no doubt, be contrary to the general policy of the State towards railways that there should be constant intervention on the part of official Inspectors to guard against possible accidents. But it seems practicable to take some step between doing nothing beforehand and interfering when it is too late. The running of express trains at the rate of sixty miles an hour may be looked on as a new business for most railways, and the public may ask that a railway wishing to enter on this new business should show that it is prepared to undertake it in a proper manner. The precise figure is a matter of detail; but if there were a standing order of the Board of Trade that any Company wishing to run trains at a speed of, we will say for example, forty-five miles an hour, must receive a preliminary certificate of its road being in a fit state to meet the new demand on it, the public would know that such accidents as that of Long Ashton would be impossible, while the intervention of the Government would be so rare and exceptional as to be no grievance to Railway Companies.

SOUTH AFRICA.

ONE of the many controversies which relate to the affairs of South Africa has apparently been settled by Lord CARNARVON's agreement with MR. BRAND, President of the Orange Free State. It remains to be seen whether the decision will be accepted by the different communities which may have an interest in the question. Mr. BRAND must settle with his constituents any dispute which may arise as to the full extent of his powers; and on the whole it seems probable that a considerable sum of money will be regarded as a fair equivalent for the abandonment of a disputed claim. The Government of the Cape Colony had withdrawn from their original assertion of the English title to West Griqualand, and they have consequently no reason for objecting to the termination of the contest by the intervention of the COLONIAL SECRETARY; but colonies are the most sensitive of political societies, and the Ministers of the Cape are, if possible, more jealous of Imperial dictation than the representatives of any other dependency. It is not impossible that the English settlers in the disputed territory may object to pay the price of their independence. The cordial agreement of all parties in a just and reasonable arrangement would be a satisfactory and almost unprecedented occurrence. It appears that the Dutch settlers were actually or constructively in possession of West Griqualand when the discovery of the diamond fields attracted a large number of immigrants from the neighbouring English colonies. The questions of title and sovereignty which consequently arose were complicated and doubtful, and after a preliminary agreement to refer the dispute to arbitration, one or both parties placed obstacles in the way of obtaining a decision. It has been Lord CARNARVON's painful duty to make himself master of the controversy, as far as it was possible to ascertain facts which were from time to time supported or questioned by the production of additional evidence. His conclusion appears to have been that the English claimants had a plausible or tenable case; and it was perhaps more material that they could not easily be either expelled or induced to submit to the authority of an alien Government.

President BRAND, who fortunately came to England on this and other business, expressed a wish to deal rather with the Imperial Government than with the Cape Colony; and he was probably convinced that an arbitration on the legal merits of the case might not lead to desirable or practicable results. Accordingly it was agreed that the claim of the Orange Free State to the disputed territory should be withdrawn, except that certain farms belonging to considerable persons in the State should be included within its limits. Lord CARNARVON declined to acknowledge either the Dutch title to West Griqualand or the commission of any wrong by the English settlers; but he found in certain peremptory proceedings which had given offence to the Government of the Free State an excuse for offering in compensation payment of about 90,000*l.*, with a contingent addition if the Free State should hereafter construct certain railways. The money is to be paid by West Griqualand itself, which alone profits by the exclusion of the Dutch claims. It will be well if the money is forthcoming in accordance with Lord CARNARVON's

undertaking. Colonists are too apt to attribute to the mother-country duties and liabilities which bear an inverse proportion to her admitted rights of control and interference. Too probably Lord CARNARVON's ingenious and delicate distinction between an alleged usurpation of territory and the manner in which it was accomplished may furnish a pretext for refusal or hesitation when the payment becomes due. Mr. MOLTENO, Prime Minister of the Cape, who is now on his way to England, may also discover that the rights of that colony have been in some way overlooked or compromised. Lord CARNARVON could probably have adopted no other course which would have been equally expedient; but petty States and partially independent colonies are not sure of their position in the society of nations, and they are prone to raise difficulties because they always suspect that their dignity is not sufficiently appreciated. There is no use in complaining of a tendency which must be considered natural, because it displays itself in a similar form in the most distant parts of the globe.

The more important object of federation, or rather of the adoption of a common policy towards the natives, may perhaps be indirectly promoted by the restoration of friendly relations with the Orange Free State, which will have removed or modified one obstacle to concert. The objections which were raised to Lord CARNARVON's proposal of a Conference were in some degree suggested by the jealousy which affects all questions between the Imperial Government and the Colonies. The Dutch Republics also, occupying a position which has no parallel elsewhere, at once protested against any overture for the surrender of their independence. Lord CARNARVON's prudent and reserved attitude may perhaps have since in some degree dispelled their suspicions. Their weakness would, in fact, have rendered the adoption of his policy more beneficial to them than to any other members of the intended Confederacy, with perhaps the exception of Natal; but the Dutch farmers originally left the English territory to avoid philanthropic interference with their peculiar mode of dealing with native neighbours and dependants, and they are well aware that they could only obtain the protection of more powerful communities on condition of deference to the established principles of English policy. The dislike of the dominant party at the Cape to federal or administrative union was of a different or opposite character. The colonial Government has managed its relations with the natives judiciously and successfully; and it is confident of its own power to subdue rebellion or repel invasion. The Cape Ministers and the majority of the Legislature were unwilling to form a partnership with communities less favourably situated than their own. If Natal or West Griqualand were unable to defend themselves, the Cape wished that they should be aided, not by their more fortunate neighbours, but by the Imperial Government; and they considered, with some reason, that it was not their duty to protect the Dutch States which had deliberately preferred independence to the continuance of the colonial relation. In the face of these difficulties Lord CARNARVON wisely abstained from pressing the adoption of his comprehensive plan. Some of the opponents of the measure would have attributed urgency on his part to the selfish wish of the English Government to relieve itself of the contingent burden of defending the weaker colonies; and he prudently awaited that change in colonial public opinion which, according to the deputation that waited on him last Thursday, has already taken place. It seems not improbable that circumstances may now be found favourable to the cautious and tentative measure indicated in his reply to the memorialists.

The defeat of the Transvaal militia by the Caffres was strongly insisted on by the deputation as showing the necessity of South African union; and, though it may perhaps be hereafter retrieved, it has undoubtedly furnished a strong argument in favour of a South African confederacy or alliance, regulated by a common policy. The statement that the little Republic had resolved to return to its English allegiance was unfounded or premature. Notwithstanding serious financial difficulties, the State is engaged in levying troops for the prosecution of the war; and perhaps a future expedition may be more fortunate than the last. Up to the present time it is not known that the war has extended into neighbouring territories; but the Caffres are numerous and warlike, and they are likely to be excited by a victory over the whites, among whom they are probably not disposed to draw nice distinctions.

It is neither easy nor useful to ascertain the merits of the Transvaal quarrel. When a war once begins between civilized and savage races, it is likely to end only with the defeat of the weaker party. The natives on the distant frontier of the Cape are still apparently peaceful, nor is it known whether they have any close connexion with the invaders of the Transvaal territory; but any sympathy which they may feel for their kindred, or any hopes which they may find on the defeat of the Dutch troops, would certainly be kept a profound secret, and therefore it cannot be assumed to be impossible or non-existent. It appears that nearer the seat of war a Zulu chief has assembled a considerable force which is temporarily employed in an attack on another native tribe. It may be presumed that, if any favourable opportunity offers, the savage warrior will be impartially ready to invade either a Colony or an independent State. A policy and an armed force common to all the South African communities would both diminish the probability of war and ensure success if a conflict proved to be unavoidable. If an isolated policy should have the result of causing a Caffre war, the Cape Colony would have reason to regret that Lord CARNARVON's plan did not in the first instance receive the favour and support which, as it is now asserted, colonial opinion is eager to extend to it.

THE NEW ADMIRALTY CIRCULAR.

IF the Admiralty has lately not been very happy in some parts of its administration, it at least deserves credit for the bold and useful step which it has just taken in regard to an important point in the working of the naval service. It is known that the officers who are charged with navigating and pilotage duties have long resented the anomalous and humiliating position in which they have hitherto been placed in relation to what are called the executive officers. The latter have enjoyed not only superior rank, but the monopoly of all the higher posts of the service; while the navigating officers have been treated as a lower grade, and denied any opportunity of rising in their profession. The question is an old one now, and for a number of years past has been the subject of vexatious controversy and agitation. Successive First Lords have had it under consideration, and, though it gradually came to be admitted that the navigating officers had a strong claim to be released from the unfair and somewhat ignominious position in which they were placed, there has till now been a want of courage in dealing practically with the subject. Attempts have been made to assuage the prevailing discontent by nominal modifications of the system, such as a change of title and a little more gold lace; but all this has been useless while the substantial grievance has been left untouched. At a former period, when the navy was supplied with "masters" from the merchant service, who were no doubt in education and manners of a different stamp from the officers of the navy, it was perhaps natural that there should be a distinction between the two classes. Moreover, in those days navigation was a much simpler affair than it is now, and rough practical experience was accepted as sufficient. A great change, however, has since taken place both in the construction and management of ships, and a certain amount of scientific training is now indispensable to the satisfactory performance of navigating duties. There is no reason to suppose that in courage or tenacity there is any falling off in the character of our seamen; but it cannot be said that, as sailors, they are equal to those of other days. The reason of this is, we admit, not any degeneracy on the part of officers or crews, but the increased difficulties which have been created by the scientific character and complicated arrangements of modern ships of war. It is natural that naval men of all grades should be puzzled by the novel conditions under which they have to perform their labours, and it is evident that the qualifications of the service must be brought up to the requirements of the new state of things. The natural way to do this is, of course, to give adequate encouragement to good men to join the navy; and it is certainly extraordinary that, in the case of such important duties as navigation and pilotage, this principle should so long have been disregarded. Whatever may have been the case once, the functions of the navigating officers are now quite as important, and demand at least as high a degree of skill and knowledge, as those of any other class in the navy; and the only course by which the efficiency of the service can be maintained in this respect is

by dealing liberally with the necessary staff, and giving them every stimulus to apply themselves to their work in a thorough and energetic way.

It is satisfactory to know that the Admiralty has at last had the resolution to look this question in the face, and to deal with it in a substantial manner. Indeed they had hardly any alternative but to do so, for the state of affairs had reached a point at which it was impossible to carry on the work of the navy on the old terms. Hence the Circular which has just been issued, and which, though too long delayed, comes better late than never. The effect of this document is to remove the disadvantages which have hitherto attached to the position of navigating officers, and to put an end to a grievance which has unquestionably been very detrimental to the navy. The navigating officers are no longer to be shunted into a lower grade, and excluded from the higher ranks of the service, but are to be placed on a level with the executive staff, and allowed to compete with them for advancement according to their abilities. A step had already been taken in this direction, in the case of first entries, by abolishing the grade of navigating cadet and admitting all cadets on an equality. Till now, however, the navigating branch of the service has been kept up as a sort of blind alley, where, when a man had once entered, he was hopelessly confined, without a chance of bettering himself except by quitting the service. According to the new Circular, this distinction is to be entirely swept away, and navigating and executive officers are to rank on an equality, the fact of a man having performed navigating duties being no longer regarded as an insuperable bar to his rising in his profession. It is decided that all lieutenants under four years' standing, and sub-lieutenants, may apply to be appointed to navigation and pilotage duties, and will, if approved by the Admiralty, be accepted for that service, on condition of passing an examination in the Hydrographic Office. This, however, will not shut them up in a groove; for they will be eligible for other duties of the service, and may earn promotion according to their merits. In other words, there is no longer any hard and fast line between navigating and executive officers. It is laid down that "Within the first five years of their service, lieutenants accepting navigating appointments will be required to go through a short course of gunnery in the *Excellent* or *Cambridge*; and in the quarterly returns of gunnery from HER MAJESTY'S ships, it will be reported whether they are competent to drill quarters, and are conversant with the rifle and sword exercise. The captains of ships in which they serve will take care that facilities are afforded their officers for keeping up their knowledge on these subjects." It is also provided that officers who qualify for navigating duties will be liable to be called on to perform those duties till they reach the rank of captain, while at the same time they will be required to take a share in the ordinary duties of their ships—such as watch-keeping, acting as divisional officers, &c.—as in the case of gunnery lieutenants. This participation in ordinary duties is not, however, to interfere with their special navigating duties, and is to be arranged at the discretion of the captain. A navigating officer is not to take upon himself the routine duties of an executive officer, except by order of the captain, or in case of necessity; but his right to take his place as an executive officer is shown in the regulation that, if he is senior to the senior officer appointed for executive duties, he will, in the absence of the captain, take command of the ship. This places the position of navigating officers on a proper footing. They are to be regarded as appointed to particular duties, but ranged with the other officers, and liable to be called upon for any service that may be required, in return for which they have the upward path of their profession fairly open to them. It is announced that "executive officers"—all officers being now regarded as on the executive staff—"selected for navigating duties will remain eligible for promotion to the highest rank in the service; and, as captains and commanders, they, as well as staff captains and staff commanders, may be appointed master-attendants, assistant master-attendants, and QUEEN'S harbour-masters." They will also come under the same rules as to promotion, retirement, &c., that apply to officers who have always been on the executive list. Navigating sub-lieutenants, on being selected for promotion, will have the option of being placed either on the lieutenants' or the navigating lieutenants' list, though, if they choose the former, they will still be liable

to be called on for service in the navigation of the ship, until they become captains.

It will be seen that this change of system, revolutionary as in some eyes it may appear, is in every way a move in the right direction. It puts the actual navigating officers in a better frame of mind, and gives them strong inducements to make themselves accomplished seamen in every respect by the prospect of one day obtaining a command. At the same time it tends to strengthen the navy by extending the number of officers who will be available for a variety of duties. The next thing is that the principle embodied in this measure should be applied in other directions; and it is to be hoped that the Admiralty will have the good sense to see that a comprehensive effort ought to be made to bring the spirit and efficiency of the whole service up to the requirements of the day. There has lately been abundant evidence that the engineering branches of the navy are by no means what they ought to be. At the present moment there is an absolute dearth of naval engineers, which has in some cases rendered it impossible to commission ships, or has inconveniently delayed their despatch; and there are also strong reasons for doubting whether the engineering staff, such as it is, is up to the necessary standard. There has lately been, as we have more than once pointed out, a continuous series of machinery accidents which would seem to indicate a spreading weakness in this department. It is clear that, in proportion as engineering has become a chief element in the modern navy, the engineering staff ought to be adapted to these new conditions. The whole system of engineering organization requires to be revised, and a higher position given to the practical men who direct it. It is all very well to sneer at the navy as being given over to engineers and stokers; but it is idle to blind our eyes to the fact that, whether we like it or not, a change in this direction has taken place, and that the executive staff as it exists is apparently somewhat overpowered by its new and increasing responsibilities. The engineers have of course their own special duties to perform, and there is no reason why they should infringe on the authority of the regular officers. But it might be well that the latter should be required to understand more intimately than they do the mechanical conditions on which their work depends; and the standing of the engineers ought undoubtedly to be improved. The subject is now under investigation by an authoritative Committee, and it is to be hoped that any recommendations which it may make will be taken up by the Admiralty in a proper spirit.

SENTIMENT AT ROME.

ALMOST every city, it has been said, possesses its own distinctive colour, and it may be added that every historical centre of human life has its own sentiment, its peculiar way of affecting us as a whole. Thus there are living cities, and dead cities, and cities which may be called half alive, when their present quiet is compared with the excitement of their past existence. The interest of these is naturally a somewhat melancholy one; but it varies in various places, and a man carries away very different impressions from Venice and from Athens. But the city which has the most singular charm, and the charm that has been most widely felt, is of course Rome. The spectacle of the city which was once, in a sense, commensurate with the world appeals to the imagination in the same way as the spectacle of the world itself appeals to it, and in Rome we read the lesson of life writ small and close. It was not without a meaning that the old sculptors represented Rome with the chaplet of towers which was worn also by Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, so that it is not always easy to distinguish their statues. Rome was indeed, as Spencer translates Du Bellay:

Such as the Berecynthian Goddess bright,
In her swift chariot, with high turrets crowned,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this city in her good days found.

She protected the Gods of all the nations, if she did not bring them to light, and the awe caused by the expectation of her dateless period of power inspired the *Eneid*, and procured for her the worship of many cities of Asia, and for her seat on the seven hills the name of "the earthly Olympus."

No doubt the most striking and the earliest impression which the mind receives from Rome is that of the perished greatness of her past, and of the vast labours the ruins of which cumber her soil. Thus Rome has proved a trial to the pilgrims of sentiment, at whatever period of modern times they have visited her. They have said, with the learned Poggio as quoted or paraphrased by Gibbon, that "the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution." They have felt, like Clough, "that all the incongruous things of past incompa-

tible ages seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and future." But these are the mistakes of sentimentalists; and the real charm of Rome lies in the fact that, among the dust of her ruins, she is still, and has always been, the unexhausted mother of new forces. From her deep foundations—"profondes jusques aux antipodes," says Montaigne, though Mr. Parker has not pushed his excavations so far—to the guard-rooms of the national soldiery of Italy, she has been, among all her changes, the mistress rather than the sport of change. We can never say with truth that the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution in the city which Mazzini called "the guide of nations and of humanity." Thus the sight of Rome is a kind of test of the spirit and courage that are in men. If they are mere sentimentalists they will be struck, as sentimentalists are struck in view of mountains and of the sea, by a sense of human impotence and fragility. If they are of stouter hearts, they will feel encouraged by the thought of man's endurance and persistent conflict with destiny. And even when they are saddened, on the whole, by the influence of Rome, they will recognize in it a curious and inexplicable sort of attraction.

No one shows worse, when tried by the test of Rome, than Chateaubriand. One of the earliest of the sentimental travellers of the century, he was also perhaps the most dismal. In reading his lamentations over the Eternal City, one can hardly help sympathizing with Heine when he compares Chateaubriand to Angeli, the funeral Court jester of Louis XIII. At Rome Chateaubriand wags his black bonnet most mournfully, and produces the most lugubrious music from its bells. He crosses the Campagna, "these *inania regna*, empty domains that once were crowded with the homes of men. In the distance Rome appears," he says, "as if it rose to meet you from the grave where it is laid." "Rome's ghost since her decease," says Mr. Browning, by a curious coincidence—and the figure is found in an earlier poet, in Joachim du Bellay, thus translated by Spenser:—

if the shade of Rome
May of the body yield a seeming sight,
Tis like a corse drawn forth out of the tomb
By magick skill out of eternal night.

"Imagine," Chateaubriand goes on with his funereal pomp of style—"imagine something of the desolation of Tyre and Sidon, of which the Scripture speaks; a silence and a solitude as vast as were the noise and turmoil of the men who once crowded, so many and so eager, upon this soil. Here and there you see some traces of Roman roads, in places where no one goes any more, and here and there some dry beds of the winter torrents. These water-courses look from a distance like great frequented ways, and they are but the empty bed of a stormy stream, which has vanished like the Roman people. Nothing but ruin seems to flourish in a soil composed of the dust of the dead, and of the ashes of empire." This is Chateaubriand's favourite and monotonous moral. The task of welding nations together, of establishing the Roman power, of giving laws to the world, and of making smooth the way for Christianity, was no more to him than the counterpart in human history of the raging of a winter torrent. Rome, in his view, was utterly dead; and he would have been delighted with Mr. Ruskin's figure, which sets forth how "the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave." In Chateaubriand's eyes, as in Byron's, "History, with all her volumes vast, hath but one page," and on that is written *sic transit gloria*. "Rome is a fair place," he says, "wherein to forget all, to despise all, and to die," as if there was a single spot in the world where it was less possible to forget, and more necessary to remember, the past of our race.

When Chateaubriand enjoyed these "merry days of desolation," to use Costard's phrase, at Rome, he was apparently in a pagan and hopeless mood. We find him in Rome once more, a quarter of a century later; but now he is Christian and hopeful. The change did not, however, make him a whit less funereal and sentimental; his fancy still ran on death's-heads and *pompes funèbres*. "If a man be a Christian," he wrote, "how can he tear himself from this soil, which has become his fatherland; this earth that has beheld the birth of a new empire, more holy in its cradle, more noble in its dominion, than the power that went before it; this soil where the friends whom we have lost share the sleep of the martyrs in the catacombs?" and so on.

There is happily an abundance of antidotes to this poetical piety and elegant regret, and none is better than that which Montaigne gives us in his musings over Rome. To Montaigne the city seemed to whisper the maxims of her own Imperial philosopher, and such sayings of Marcus Aurelius as this—"Consider the life led by others in olden time, and the life of those who shall come after thee, and be of good cheer." In a spirit of good cheer, Montaigne let the spectacle of Rome awaken and intensify his curious interest in human fortunes. The sight of the scene of change did not subdue, but rather fortified him. "Tant de remuements d'estats et changements de fortune publique nous instruisent à ne pas faire grand miracle de la nostre." He pleases himself with the thought that he himself is *civis Romanus*, not only because Rome is the city metropolitan of all Christian nations, but because he has actually been presented with a diploma of burghership. "Among the empty favours of Fortune," he writes, "there is none that I prize more than this." He feels that he now owes a double affection to his dead fellow-citizens, Scipio and Metellus, Tullus and Ancus. "Reverence for the dead passes for a duty, and I have been nourished from my childhood in the memory of the dead men who lie here. I have the condi-

tions and fortune of Metellus and Scipio more often in my mind than those of any men of our own time; they are dead and gone, and so is my father, even as they, and hath been sundered as far from me and life in these eighteen years as they in sixteen centuries, whose memory, whose love for all that, I cease not to embrace in dear and constant union. Finding myself of no avail in this present time, I betake myself to that past date, and am so captivated therewith that the condition of old Rome, free and flourishing—I love not much her birth or her old age—fills me with passionate affection, and I can never see so often the site of those houses and streets, and of these ruins, with foundations deep as the antipodes, but that I take new delight in them."

This sense of strength and comfort in the presence of the remains of strength and courage gone by was felt by Goethe not less than by Montaigne. It was fortunate, perhaps, that Goethe did not visit Rome too early in life. He had written the *Sorrows of Young Werther*, and had in other ways got rid of the more perilous stuff of sentiment, before he was exposed to the trial of seeing "the monument and sepulchre of the world." More than any other of the pilgrims who have left a record of their emotions, Goethe seems to have felt at Rome a sense of the richness, the happiness of existence. "Here," he wrote, "I am at my ease, and shall be, it seems, at rest for all my days." Again:—"I have scarcely any new thoughts, I have found nothing unfamiliar, but my old ideas have become so definite, so living, that they might pass for new." In Rome he entered into the fulness of the labours of the past, and into the fulness of his own life. It was characteristic of him that, among all the fallen fanes, he found one still unshaken:—

Ein einziger Tempel,
Amor's Tempel.

In his old age remembrance was not regret. "Only in Rome," he told Eckermann, "have I felt what it really is to be a man. . . . Compared with my situation at Rome, I have never since felt real gladness."

Goethe, after all, as Mr. Arnold says, "pursued a lonely road." It is impossible for every one to reach his imperial philosophy of joy, as well as of calm and resignation. To those who visit Rome and who do not merely remark, with Clough's young lady, that "Rome is a wonderful place, not very gay, however; the English are mostly at Naples," there must come moments of oppression and of disappointment. They will find no more sympathetic companion than *Les Regrets* and other Roman sonnets of the old French poet, Joachim du Bellay. He compressed into the space of some thirty poems all the various feelings of sadness, of homesickness, of weariness, and also the strange love and involuntary attachment, that Rome can inspire in the heart of the exile. His four years of residence in Rome, whether he had accompanied his relative the Cardinal du Bellay, were at first as dreary as Ovid's banishment at Tomi. He sighed for *la douceur Angervine*, the soft air of Anjou, and did not find consolation, like Goethe, in Amor's Temple. It is chiefly in *Les Antiquités*, the "Ruynes of Rome," as Spenser has it, that he gives expression to the sentiment of the place. At first this string of cameos in sonnets, as he calls them, only shows pictures of depression. Like Chateaubriand, Du Bellay compares the ancient impetus of the Roman people to the rage of blind natural powers:—

As waves, as winds, as fire spread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

Nothing of her old estate remains save "Tyber hastening to his fall." The Seven Hills are no longer the "Olympus on earth," but the weights with which heaven crushes down the vanquished Titan. The cycle of the destinies of Rome is compared to the cycle of the world. She has spoiled the nations, and the nations have spoiled her in turn. It is all a lesson to us to make no great marvel of our own condition:—

For if that Time make end of things so sure,
He also will end the paine that I endure.

But at last even Du Bellay perceives that the force of the city has not perished, that "the Demon of Rome doth himself renew." This Demon is spoken of again as the Spirit which binds him to Rome "by a chain of sweet regret." And this perhaps is the experience of most people. They are saddened, chilled, wearied at first, and bewildered; like Hawthorne, perhaps, they can "never say how they dislike the place." And then the *Demon du lieu* of Du Bellay—that is to say, the attraction of the human life and effort that made and still haunt Rome—becomes stronger than weariness and depression. Like Clough, people will ask themselves—

Does there a spirit we know not though seek, though we find comprehend not,
Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?

To a few perhaps, as to the strange child Hawthorne speaks of in his Note-books, "the rest of life is to be a dream of this city of the soul, and an unsatisfied longing to come back to it." It is more pleasant to believe in the magical virtue of the waters of the Fountain of Trevi.

PRIESTESSES.

IN a recent discussion about the disestablishment of the English Church a Roman Catholic interlocutor made the following remark:—"If you were to disestablish the Anglican Church, and it were to become broken up and annihilated, you would be unable

to find any body of women who could fill the place of clergymen's wives. Our Sisterhoods' work is unexampled and unequalled, but there are certain things which your clergymen's wives can do which our Sisters cannot." There can be no doubt that, on the whole, the wives of the clergy are most useful. They certainly do a great deal of work. They teach in the schools, they act as district visitors, they superintend female parish work, they help to find situations for the girls in their town or village, and they attend to the decoration of the church. All this they do gratuitously, nor do they expect any thanks for it. They willingly agree to a far larger proportion of their husbands' incomes being devoted to charitable purposes than would the wives of most laymen, and they are most careful in saving such remnants from their table as can possibly be spared, in order to feed the weak and sickly around them. The very small establishment of the rector is thus sometimes more productive of "crumbs" for the poor than the kitchen of a neighbouring Cresus. The clergymen's wife is very useful in another way. However charitable the squire's wife may be, she is often away from home, and during her absence her servants cannot carry on, in the same manner that she would, her works of charity. But the rector's wife rarely takes a holiday, and therefore the poor can almost always fall back on her; and, if need be, she can write to the squire's wife when she is absent, and lay before her any cases where money, or that which will require money, may be necessary. Hundreds and thousands of kind acts have been performed by our clergymen's wives. These excellent women have denied themselves numberless luxuries and pleasures, and have screwed and pinched their slender purses in order to help their poorer neighbours. How many summer tours and pleasant visits have they not given up to assist some member of that lower middle class whom it is so difficult to reach, and for helping whom so little credit is to be obtained. Sometimes the parson's bride brings a nice little dowry, and then a large slice of her income is cheerfully given up to help her husband's parishioners. On the whole, few people who are not religious (in the ecclesiastical sense of the word) make so many self-sacrifices as do clergymen's wives. Some of them are, of course, selfish and worldly-minded; but we believe that these form rare exceptions to the general rule. Usually all is well, so long as the wives of our clergy do not interfere with the cure of souls. But no woman should be so careful to avoid meddling in matters of religion as they. In other words, the clergymen's wife must not become the priestess.

Some clergymen's wives seem to labour under the impression that their marriages with ecclesiastics have imparted a certain sanctity to their persons. At any rate they often act as though they thought so. They do not assume the priestly office, but they consider that they have their own special duty to perform in the sacred edifice. The part of the husband is to say the holy offices and to preach; the part of the wife (she appears to think) is closely to observe who is in, or rather who is absent from, church. Thus are the various duties of the ministry beautifully apportioned. The priestess likes the women of the parish (and the men too for the matter of that) to come to her for counsel and admonition. She encourages them to open their hearts to her, until she has established a kind of *quai* confessional. She will advise them as to their family and parochial duties, whom they shall go to "hear" on their holiday tours, the cut and colour of their dress in Lent, &c. If High Church, these ladies usually outstrip their husbands in orthodoxy; but woe to the poor men if they evince a decided leaning towards Rome. Should they join that Church, they must give up their living. Often enough this would be no great loss in a pecuniary point of view; but then a clergymen and his wife take a very different position in society from that of lay people who have an equally small income. Most of the wife's "nicest friends" have been made by reason of her position as wife of the clergymen. These friends would too surely withdraw their cordiality if the only bond of union between them should be broken. And then she would not have social standing sufficient to make "nice" Romanist friends in their place. Besides, the very idea of a church which demands the celibacy of the clergy is horrible to her. On the other hand, the priestess is a sort of matrimonial Ultramontane. Opposed as she is to the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, she believes firmly in the infallibility of her husband when (and only when) he speaks with the voice of the Church, which means her own voice. Her "pope in council" is her husband in consultation with herself. In her own person she represents an Ecumenical Council and the Sacred College. Nay, her pope's infallibility is not confined to faith and morals, provided he speaks *ex cathedra*. So long as his definitions are received from her, no occupant of the Papal chair ever had a more enthusiastic supporter than he finds in his wife. She will bear any amount of annoyance to uphold him, nor does she shrink from inflicting persecution where she thinks it necessary. Indeed we may say that she not only represents the Sacred College, but also the Inquisition. She is a regular detective in her manner of worming out the secrets of the parishioners; and she does not hesitate to apply moral torture, when needful, for this purpose. She finds out who has cut church, who found fault with the sermon, who feels "aggrieved," &c. &c. If the offenders prove obdurate, she hands them over to the secular arm—that is to say, she encourages the busybodies of the parish to gossip about their misdemeanours. Even the squire can be made to suffer. People soon say that he is peculiar and wrong-headed; that he is very different from his father; and that, though well intentioned (as rich people are always reputed), he is most injudicious and ill advised. Tracts,

books of devotion, and even secular works, are found fault with by the priestess, unless they have been honoured with her *imprimatur*; and if her friendship is desired, no book which she has placed in her Index Expurgatorius must ever be laid upon the drawing-room table. Few works are, according to her, worthy of that holy place, and, judging from the specimens to be found at the rectory, these chosen volumes are little likely to be often disturbed in their glory. Another of her missions in life is to regulate the faith and morals of the curates. In this respect she is a hybrid creature—part inquisitor, part bishop, part Lord Penzance, with a dash of the Spartan mother. She curbs their theological leanings, chastens their enthusiasm, and guides their flirtations. If the rector is easily influenced by his wife's opinions, the curate has to be more careful in his endeavours to please the priestess than to please the priest. A very slight offence against the former may lose him his curacy, if not his reputation. Should the tongue of scandal be moved against him, with or without foundation, and should the rector's wife take up the tale, it is all over with him, because people will think that at any rate his chief's wife must know the rights of the case.

There is only one religious element that can make a firm stand against the genuine overbearing, meddling priestess, and this only exists in extremely few parishes. A Sisterhood forms an opposing army of her own sex, against whose pricks she cannot kick. She may succeed in making life a burden to them, but the Sisters will never strike their flag; and, unless they treat her with utter contempt, they will enter with spirit, and even gusto, into the contest. A holy war now commences between the世俗s and regulars of the parish. Which is the most reverend—the reverend mother or the wife of the reverend rector? The priestess likes to have entire control of the affairs of the parish; but in cases of sickness recourse must be had to the Sisters, and then they insist upon conducting their own affairs. They will not brook the slightest interference, except from the parish priest himself, and they scout the very idea of advice from his wife. Indeed they regard her very existence as a kind of accident, a symptom of the weakness of his flesh, a fond thing vainly invented. She dislikes the Sisters also because their lives of celibacy seem to cast some aspersion upon her own wedded state. Then, again, no severity of costume, no serges, nor crosses, nor medals, can make her dress rival the sanctity of the nun's habit. She is much exercised in her mind, too, because many of the devout female sex in her parish show a preference for working for, and under the direction of, the Sisters, to consulting her and doing her charitable bequests. Altogether the jealousy between the order of priestesses and Sisters almost exceeds the traditional rivalry of Jesuits and Franciscans.

The priestess is placed in a difficult position with regard to the poor. The clergymen's good little wife is generally very popular among them, but they feel the visits of the priestess to be irksome. She comes as though she thought she had some authority, whereas in reality she has none whatever. Her husband, by virtue of his office, can enter a cottage to comfort or admonish; the squire's wife to offer a sort of feudal protection; the wealthy neighbour to bring gifts; the sister of charity to nurse the sick. But the priestess is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; and yet she comes in with an odour of sanctity. What comforts she brings are usually small parish doles, which the poor are in the habit of regarding as their right, and her wise counsels they would gladly dispense with. She is peculiarly situated socially. Her position is supposed to be above that of small country professional people, while she has few feelings or interests in common with the county families, unless, of course, she happens to be a woman of good family; and even then, except in a few rare cases, she so seldom leaves home or goes into London society that she can scarcely enter cordially into the interests of her richer neighbours. In these days country society is chiefly kept going by visits of a few nights at different houses, parties for shooting, hunting, balls, pre-arranged luncheons, and five-o'clock teas, &c.; but the priestess is much addicted to paying formal calls, which in the country are rapidly becoming obsolete ceremonies. She is the cause of many a "not-at-home," and of clandestine escapes through side doors and windows. The very fact of the supposed obligation to invite her to dinner prejudices people against her, and renders her acceptance unwelcome. When she does dine out at a country house, she feels out of her element, and she has not the *savoir faire* to conceal her feelings. The husband would frequently be most welcome, and the lady of the house would be very glad to talk to him about her poor neighbours; but it is trying to have the wife putting in her word, and people do not like to feel that their confidential conversations with their clergymen may form table-talk at the rectory. Thus the door is often closed against a married clergymen where a bachelor would be welcome. The whims of the priestess have great weight with the weak-minded priest. Indeed sometimes even a strong mind knocks under to them. A clergymen's life is very different from that of a professional man, who is absent from home from breakfast-time till dinner, and whose wife would be bored were he to enter into the dry details of his business with her. The parson spends most of his time in his own house, or at any rate returns there frequently during the day, and the nature of his calling is interesting to a woman. Thus he is much more exposed to feminine influence than a soldier, a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant. The fiercest persecutions of the world are easier to bear than to be laughed at or cried at by a wife.

When a parish is about to be handed over to a new rector, it is generally more important to inquire into the character and opinions

of his wife than of himself. Patrons of livings should be careful on this point. The clergyman's wife may be a charming woman, and may prove a delightful and useful neighbour, both to rich and poor. But the priestess is to be avoided.

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

ONE of the consequences of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia has naturally been, not only to draw a great many visitors from Europe, but to subject the people of the United States to an amount of inquisitive scrutiny and candid criticism which seems to have rather ruffled their sensitive feelings. In the case of the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord it must be admitted that there is some ground for protest, for he has certainly handled the national character in a very rough way. According to a summary in the *New York Herald* of the volume which he has just published, he describes the Americans as being "in a state of revolting degeneracy, having lost the virtues of their ancestors, and being destitute of intellectual and aesthetic culture." "Their morality," he adds, "is that of a people in decadence; a people which produces things, but no longer men." And he pictures Washington disdainfully repudiating the modern Republic. Not long before, another French writer, M. Jannet, had also given a very bad character to American society, founded on what he alleged to be personal observation. He asserted that, under a certain cloak of external decency, the life of the great towns was grossly immoral; that "domestic dramas, assassinations, abductions were increasing in a frightful fashion"; and that the watering-places were resorted to by the wealthy classes as haunts of vice. There can be no doubt that these criticisms, as applied to the nation at large, are much too severe and sweeping, and that the force of the indictment is weakened by the obvious extravagance of its tone. English writers, at any rate in our day, are usually more moderate and cautious, and take care to exhibit both sides of the subject, doing justice to the good qualities of Americans, while exposing their weak points. Indeed there has been perhaps rather a tendency to make too much of the natural genius and virtue which are supposed to be indigenous on democratic soil. In striking contrast to the French attacks just mentioned, we may place the letters which have for some months past been appearing in the *Times* from a Special Correspondent who went out in the first instance to describe the Exhibition, but has since been giving his letters a wider range. He has evidently managed to put himself on a pleasant and intimate footing with the subjects of his study, and tries to make the best of them. While bringing out many curious aspects of American life, he affects, with adroit modesty, to be the victim of unjust censure in his own land for an alleged want of "local colour" in his pictures; and gives a pathetic account of his difficulties in finding any colour of this kind worth taking note of. Indeed he adopts the remark made in a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, that an Englishman in the United States sees so much to remind him of his own country that he soon begins to take the many points of resemblance for granted, and to note only the few points of difference; and suggests that, after all, Americans and Englishmen are very much the same. How far this theory is supported by the writer's own illustrations will perhaps best be shown by going over some of his clever and amusing letters.

The Correspondent, carrying out his principle of looking for resemblances as well as differences between the two countries, gives several instances of the extremely English-like aspects of American life. He describes a dinner party at which everything, with the sole exception of the hour—six o'clock, which is three hours later than the ordinary Philadelphia dinner-time—and red and green peppers in the salt-cellars, was after the stock English pattern. "The dinner began with oysters, and ended with ice. The gentlemen were most conscientiously white-chokered and swallow-tailed. They did not even ask me if I liked America, or call me 'Sir.' There was a clergyman present, and he said grace." And the conversation turned very much on English subjects. Again, he stayed with a friend in a country house at Long Branch where one guest was assigned the blue and another the brown room. The bed was of truly British dimensions; the jug and basin were as British as the bed. A dressing-room, with a large bath, adjoined the bed-room. A substantial breakfast was served at the English hour, and with tea and coffee in the English style. The books in the library, with the exception of Longfellow's poems, were all by English authors. After breakfast came morning church, when, the church being Episcopal, service was essentially the same as in England, and, as an American neighbour remarked to him, even the clergyman had "quite the English accent." Above all, there was a collection in open plates. In the evening he was taken to a cathedral close, and saw an American bishop, in figure, demeanour, accent, and apron, and, in short, in every respect, except a certain vague something about the legs, an exact reproduction of an English bishop. How, under such circumstances, asks the Correspondent, is a writer to find "local colour" in such scenes? He finds it, however, and exhibits it, in spite of his affection of colour-blindness. At the dinner party politeness were eschewed, and at another similar party, while they were slightly referred to on account of local circumstances, a general opinion seemed to prevail that, owing to the muddy conditions of the paths of American political life, and the dirt thrown by the way,

the subject was altogether unfit for gentlemen. Surely this is not as yet the case in England. We should also be inclined to think that the *carte* of the dinner, whatever it may have been in this instance, would be pretty sure, both in what was included and what was omitted, to differ a good deal from an English one. A special dinner might be got up in any style; but it is notorious that the ordinary dining arrangements of Americans are apt to be of a kind which may suit them very well, but which are by no means to the taste of Englishmen. Again, at the very English country house at Long Branch, "the most fashionable and perhaps most American of the many watering-places along the New Jersey coast," the Correspondent was startled, if not shocked, to hear two young gentlemen who had called on a Sunday afternoon propose to the young ladies of the house to go and bathe in the sea—an invitation which was regarded on all hands as a matter of course, and was instantly and unhesitatingly accepted. The "local colour" of such an incident becomes still more distinct when the style of the bathing is taken into account. "Imagine," as the Correspondent himself says, "the sensation which would be produced in the original Brighton"—Long Branch is called the "American Brighton"—"by a party of ladies and gentlemen from Kemp Town, not London excursionists, on a Sunday afternoon disappearing for a few minutes into huts lining the esplanade, and then emerging in bathing suits to take all together a dip in the sea"; and he adds that he found the beach on this Sunday afternoon as crowded with bathers and lookers-on, and as full of merriment, as if the scene had been at Biarritz. We have no desire to raise the question as to whether there is or is not any harm in this sort of thing; we only wish to point out how different the habits of Americans are in this respect compared with those of English people with pretensions to respectability.

In the professedly religious watering-places of the States we have also "local colour" of a very definite and striking kind. Ocean Grove is the most perfect and consistent type of those retreats where a religious tone is combined with the free and easy enjoyment of fresh air, bathing, and costume relieved from the restraints of conventionalism. A cordon is drawn round the village within which no intoxicating liquor, tobacco, or profane literature, is allowed to be sold; cards, dancing, and other worldly amusements are also prohibited, as well as bathing on a Sunday. Then there is Sea Grove, a kindred settlement, which, however, is much less strict. It was established, according to the advertisement, "to furnish a moral and religious sea-side home for the glory of God and the welfare of man, where he may be refreshed and invigorated body and soul." It appears, however, that Sea Grove falls far short of the standard of stern and primitive simplicity enforced at Ocean Grove. It is true that at Sea Grove "no faster gait than that of seven miles an hour is allowed to vehicles or equestrians"; but tobacco, billiards, and novels are permitted, and card-playing, champagne-drinking, round dancing, betting, and such worldly amusements are common enough, though without extending to anything like rowdy dissipation. These select communities are represented as a protest against, and refuge from, the more fashionable watering-places, where dissipation is carried to the greatest lengths. Cape May, the chief sea-side resort of the Philadelphians, makes no pretensions to any special piety or discipline, and seems to have that odd sort of higgledy-piggledy look which is common to many American institutions, and to resemble, to use the Correspondent's own simile, "a makeup shift run up after a fire." It is found, however, to be a useful safety-valve for the human nature of Philadelphia, which is too tightly compressed when at home. The grave business men of the Quaker city, when they get to the Cape, suddenly become uproarious, boisterous holiday-makers, running races barefoot on the sands, or playing leap-frog in the waves. The bathing costumes of both sexes are exceedingly free and primitive. The ladies wear what is called "a high petticoat"—that is, we suppose, high in beginning—and another garment which is disposed of as "indescribable." The Correspondent probably gives his own impressions when he says that the simplicity of this costume is such that "when a lady—especially a stout lady—leaves the water and comes dripping across the promenade, an Englishman out of his country for the first time who happened to meet her on the spot would certainly open his eyes very wide or shut them very close." Then the effect of the scanty bathing-dress is heightened by the elaborate toilets of the ladies who come to the beach to look on and chat with the male bathers, whose costume is very similar to that of the sisterhood, except that it is rather shorter at the extremities, and includes a headpiece something between a bonnet and a jockey-cap. "To see a man thus dressed and crowned doing the polite to a group of ladies gorgeously arrayed in the latest fashions from Paris, is, we are assured, 'a sight not easily forgotten'; and so must also be that of 'a lady in the water in the act of acknowledging the bow of a gentleman just formally presented to her by a friend.' Here, again, we are not now raising any question of comparative delicacy or propriety; but there can at least be no doubt that we have not attained to such a pitch of unabashed freedom in this country, and that it may be fairly set down as a tolerably conspicuous patch of "local colour" in the complexion of American society.

It will be seen that the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, while professedly engaged in disposing of the delusion "of superficial thinkers that the two countries are, in customs and modes of thought and feeling, as wide asunder as the poles," supplies some suggestive testimony rather bearing out that view. It may be

said that the English are backward and old-fashioned, and that the States represent the progressive results of emancipated civilization, or rather, perhaps we should say, of emancipation from civilization in the sense in which it has hitherto been associated in old countries with the proprieties of life. That may or may not be. All we say is that there are clearly some points in which there is a very striking difference between English and American instincts and habits and ways of looking at and doing things. It is quite true that a sensational, clap-trap book such as *New America*, composed by a writer who apparently cared for nothing that was not unsavoury and unclean, and chiefly concentrated his attention on nasty subjects, conveys an utterly false impression of American society. The States are not exclusively peopled by fanatics and yahoos of the kind described, though no doubt a morbid fanaticism is to be found as an element in the curious agglomeration of species which makes up the population. Even if there were not otherwise evidence of the fact, it cannot be doubted that there must be a large and preponderating amount of common sense and honesty in such a country as the United States; for otherwise it could not possibly hold together. We have already said that we do not at all concur in the exaggerated contempt and bitterness with which the French writers already cited have denounced the present state of American society; but it cannot be denied that there are currents in that society of a very dangerous and corrupting kind. The *New York Herald*, in vindication of the nation which in other days it did so much to poison, admits that "public morals are just now degraded," but pleads that "it is the result of transient causes which will soon pass away." For instance, "an inflated, fluctuating currency has converted all business into a species of gambling"; and no doubt this may be cured in time. Still there are other causes, deeply rooted in the character and habits of the nation, which cannot be put out of sight, and which indicate the peculiar difficulties of its position. And we find some traces of these in the letters of the Special Correspondent. He was, for example, much mystified when, on board a Hudson ferry-boat, he observed at either extremity of the boat a small fence or gate, to which attention was directed by conspicuous notices placarded all over the boat, warning passengers that the pilot had orders not to touch land while any one remained outside this gate, and that the officers of the boat were prepared to use force, if necessary, to expel intruders from the sacred spot. This, he discovered, was a necessary check upon the feverish haste of native passengers, who, if not held in restraint, would be precipitated into the water in a heap in their wild struggles to be first on shore. It is impossible to have a better illustration of that go-ahead craze which has so often led the country into scrapes, though it is also in a great degree the source of that spirit of daring enterprise for which it is famous. This temper is also apt to lead to the reckless pursuit of sensations for their own sake, and in defiance, not merely of the proprieties, but decencies, of social life, as was seen in such incidents as the indulgent toleration, and even admiring worship, of scoundrels like Fisk and Tweed, and the maudlin interest taken in a creature like Beecher, who, after the exposure he has undergone, seems to have as large and enthusiastic a flock as ever.

Another feature of American character is the fussy and restless pursuit of personal prominence or notoriety. There being no formal distinction of ranks in the Republic, we see every human being there striving as the great end of existence to perch his head as much as he can above his neighbour's. There is no country which is so broken up into sets and cliques, each scheming to find something to give it a pretext for affecting an individual superiority. Thus, it appears, that among the watering-places, Cape May looks down on Atlantic City, that Cape May is looked down on by Long Branch, and that Saratoga thinks itself decidedly above Long Branch, while Newport, on the strength of its blue blood, assumes to be an aristocratic eyrie perched altogether above the rest of the world. It is much the same in ordinary society. New York professes contempt for Bostonian priggishness. Boston retaliates on New York with scorn of "shoddy," and twists Philadelphia with provincialism. And so it goes on through every grade and section of the community. The quiet occupation of a settled and acknowledged position with which the occupant is content is scarcely known in that land of freedom. There is room for everybody to aspire, and everybody does so. The easiest platform to mount upon in such a state of things is money or the show of money; and thus American ambition becomes mainly fixed on its acquisition. Perhaps, however, what is most wanting to the American character, or at least to its peace of mind and happiness, is self-confidence and self-respect. It may be thought at first sight that the Americans are especially of a conceited and confident nature; but the extreme sensitiveness which they display in regard to almost every kind of criticism shows that they are not at heart thoroughly at ease as to their own pretensions. It is hardly possible to say anything to Americans about their country without jarring on some tender point. They cannot bear to be told of their faults, and they smart under anything like praise as if it were an assumption of superiority. They are inclined to pride themselves on their sense of humour; but on this particular point their sense of humour is very dull. The sort of banter or caricature which people of other nations, firm in their own faith in themselves, only laugh at seems to irritate an American excessively. He is like man with a raw skin to whom a midge is torture. Even Mr. Lowell once lashed out in a pamphlet "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and threatened England with war as a punishment, not for hostile acts, but for her "airs of patronage."

towards America. Every sensible person recognizes that the United States are a great people in their way, but they are not beyond the reach of criticism. They are what the conditions of their existence have made them. They have hitherto enjoyed the material prosperity which lay at their hands in the resources of a vast and virgin territory; but they have not advanced with equal success in other directions, nor perhaps could it be expected that they should do so, considering the peculiar character of the population, and the work they had immediately to do. There are no doubt faults and weaknesses in old States consequent on their course of development; but so there are in new ones, and the great mistake of America is to fancy itself full grown. It is still in many respects in a crude and loosely compacted condition. What is mainly wanted is more energy and determination on the part of the honest and intelligent part of the people to enforce a higher standard of manners and morality, and to cultivate national self-respect.

CHANGES OF NAME.

ENGLISHMEN are very fond of laughing at certain French customs, and too often find that "mocking is catching." It has happened thus with dress, cookery, architecture, and morals. French politeness, indeed, we have unfortunately never imitated or caught. But we are beginning to follow our neighbours in a new particular, and one in which the imitation cannot be called a success. The French, with their inexorable logic, have long looked upon personal appellatives as merely means by which one man may be distinguished from another. We question whether they would go so far as to say that a name should help to show a man's identity at different periods of his life. But they do not seem to object to the assumption of any name, although under the Second Empire there was some restraint put upon the assumption of titles. The practice of the Imperial Court itself, however, in giving some of the old titles to upstarts, went far to discredit its own regulations. When a Murat was made Duke of Montmorency, and when the Duke of Abercorn's French title of Châtelerault was given to the Duke of Hamilton, nobody could complain if M. Blanc, the grocer at Grandmaison, chose to retire with a self-conferred barony. If he preferred to be known as M. Blanc de Grandmaison, then as M. de Grandmaison, and finally as M. le Comte de Grandmaison, he injured no one, and might indulge his whim if he was able to pay for it. "Le Comte" might be reckoned a surname; and among ourselves such names as Earl, Duke, Lord, Prince, and the like, are very common. M. de Grandmaison might become M. Leroy, or Le Roi de Grandmaison, if he pleased, and then even the decree against the assumption of titles of nobility would not reach him. Mr. Kinglake spent a good deal of fine writing in his first volume on the Crimean War on "M. de Saint Arnaud, formerly Le Roy"; and several other curious notes on French surnames occur in the same book. M. le Duc de Persigny, M. le Duc de Morny, and many other great men of the Court of Louis Napoleon bore names and titles which, if they were not self-assumed, were only granted by an anticipation of Imperial power on the part of their patron. The whole subject of French titles, and through them of surnames, is confused and confounded to such a degree, that nothing short of the sweeping definition indicated above can reach it. But to the English mind the final cause of surnames has hitherto been something very different. They were part of every man's inheritance; he received his name, whether it happened to be pretty or ugly, Bugg or Howard, from his forefathers, and only an Act of Parliament or the Queen's special licence could change it. In many instances it by no means fulfilled the French condition by distinguishing him from other people. In this respect the most common English surnames are absolutely useless; but, until lately, no Englishman thought of changing his name for such a reason, and remained John Smith or James Thomson to the end of his life. The Smiths indeed, under strong pressure, have almost all taken, without any sign-manual, a kind of qualifying addition to the bare Smith, and are known in families as various kinds of Smiths—Pye-Smiths, Payne-Smiths, Bowyer-Smiths, and so on—to the great convenience of their friends and acquaintances. But there are many Smiths undistinguished in this way, and two Williams of the name are prominent men among us, while a third, who died last month, deserves to be remembered.

The desire to change surnames has had two strong outbreaks within modern recollection. About forty years ago, and for some time afterwards, it prevailed among the upper classes. It raged especially among the Irish nobility; but the fashion was by no means unknown east of the Channel. It took two forms. One was to assume the original name reputed to have been borne by some ancestor. The other was to take an entirely new name. This was peculiarly the English fancy. In Scotland the fashion was agglutinative; it became a habit to pile up names. For where only a limited number of different forms had to do for the whole population, of various expedients for attaining distinction this was the easiest. Mr. Scott Stuart was not to be confounded with Mr. Stuart Scott. Mr. Douglas Hamilton was not the same as Mr. Hamilton Douglas. A very few bells sufficed for the ringing of a great many changes, and where two were not enough three or four could be employed. Lord Elphinstone bears the euphonious surnames of Buller-Fullerton-Elphinstone. Another member of the family is Sir James Dalrymple-Horne-Elphinstone. Lord Minto is distinguished from

the other Elliots in England, Ireland, and Scotland by the additions of Murray and Kynynmound to his patronymic. These Scottish changes are all marked by one characteristic. They go on the principle of adding name to name—always, if possible, through all vicissitudes retaining somewhere in the recesses of a complicated nomenclature the old original surname. This is not the case with the English families which followed the fashion. A complete abandonment of the old surname was the rule. It is not easy to say whether the case of the Duke of Buccleugh is to be counted as English or Scottish; but it illustrates the rules of both countries. First the English name of the Duke of Monmouth—such as it was—has been wholly discarded by his descendants, and then the new Scottish surname has been backed up by a couple of fresh ones, after the Northern fashion. The number of English peers who bear assumed names may be guessed from the fact that, of twenty-one English dukes, no fewer than thirteen have either double names or have altogether changed their patronymics; of seventeen English marquesses six, and of eleven Irish marquesses five, have either doubled or changed or both. Some of these changes are a little puzzling. One cannot always understand their object, and sometimes there appears to be no object. Why should Lord Clanricarde, whose name used to be Bourke, turn it into "De Burgh"? and, stranger still, why should another member of the same widespread family call himself "De Burgho"? There was still less reason for another Irish change. The name of Sir Vere de Vere sounds very pretty. It would sound still more pretty if one could feel sure that its bearer had any hereditary right, even through female descent, to be known by it. Sir Bernard Burke is not accounted very strict as to the pedigrees he will admit into his various publications; but even he does not attempt to justify the change of Hunt into De Vere. He says that the original Hunt in Ireland "was grandson of Henry Hunt, Esq., of Gosfield, in Essex . . . by, it is stated, Jane de Vere, of the noble house of Oxford." That little phrase "it is stated" must answer for a great deal in some of Sir B. Burke's books; but here it answers for what in anything but genealogy would deserve a very ugly name. We need hardly say that there is not a shadow of any kind of evidence for such a marriage; and, even were the marriage allowed, it is by no means clear that Henry Hunt was really the progenitor of the present "Sir Vere Edmond de Vere, Bart." Scarcely less unfounded were the claims of another Irish family to the exchange of their original Morres into De Montmorency, a name which is almost a title in itself.

But we have had examples very similar in England, and cannot be needlessly hard upon the Irish. Why does Lord Rokeby bear the name and arms of Montagu? He does not appear to be descended from the family, his real surname being the highly respectable one of Robinson. Lord Anglesey is not a Paget by male descent, but a Bayly; Lord Nelson is not a Nelson, but a Bolton; Lord Beauchamp not a Lygon, but a Pindar; Lord Manvers is not a Pierrepont, but a Meadows; Lord Portman is a Berkeley, Lord Robartes an Agar, Lord Sandys a Hill; Lord Tredegar not a Morgan, but a Gould; and Lord Lyveden not a Vernon, but a Smith. In this last case the connexion with the great light of the family, Sydney Smith, is lost. Indeed, strange to say, there are no Smiths in the peerage now. Lord Carrington's family have become Caringtons, with one *r*; and the Smiths, Smyths, or Smythes, Viscounts Strangford—one of whom first brought the combination "Sydney Smith" into use—are extinct. These Smiths had a long pedigree, as pedigrees go. But it is characteristic of the great Smith *gens* to observe that, while the name of the original Smith is spelt on his monument at Ashford with an *i*, his son spelt it with a *y*, and his grandson with an *e* at the end. There are Smiths also who spell their name with a *y*, dotting it in the Dutch fashion, so that it looks like Smijth, and is greatly venerated in consequence. But neither the Caringtons nor the Vernons have shown so much respect for a really ancient surname, and one which would be considerably more ancient than half the peerage can lay claim to by male descent. There are examples of men of ancient family taking the great Smith name; but in these cases, no doubt, there were strong reasons for the assumption. The day may come when Smiths will have become rare, and dukes may hereafter take the name to show that they had ancestors so far back as the nineteenth century. In one great ducal family such a course would be in the highest degree sensible. Everybody knows that the Smithsons have come to great wealth and glory; but the glory is sadly dimmed by the remembrance that, though they may be called Percy, they are only descended from the old Percies through a doubly broken female line, and throw discredit upon a very respectable Yorkshire family, which had actually matched in the old days with the great Percies themselves. A similar but much more complicated series of changes have been made by the Lords Braybrook. The whole family has for some generations shown a singular aptitude for discarding one surname and taking another. It was somewhat remotely descended by the female line from a certain Richard Neville, whose son took the name of Grey, and whose grandson, Richard Aldworth, added, first the name of Neville and afterwards that of Griffin, to his own, and eventually became the second Lord Braybrook by inheritance. His cousin, the first lord, whose surname was Whitwell, took that of Griffin. A brother of the third lord took the name of Grenville, and finally all the family, dropping the Greys, and Aldworths, and Whitwells, and Griffins, have become Nevilles pure and simple. It is a little curious to observe also upon the comparative popularity of certain names.

Howard is almost proverbially favoured in this respect, yet nobody takes the other form, Hogarth or Hogward. By leaving out the obnoxious *g* the Duke of Norfolk's ancestors did well for their good reputation with posterity. One of the noblest families in the fifteenth century was that of the Bourchiers, earls of Essex and lords of many titles; but, though "Bourchier" has been once or twice assumed of late years, no one seems to like the cognates Bouger and Butcher; it is just possible that some forms of the name are derived from Bowyer. Briggs is not popular, but Bruges and Bridges have been several times assumed by other families. Money makes almost any name go down, and few people would object to Coutts, or even Cutts, were they sufficiently well paid for it. Bubb, who was created a peer at the beginning of George III.'s reign, and died almost immediately afterwards, would assuredly never have reached such honour had he not changed his name to Doddington some years before. Mr. Secretary Scraggs unfortunately never obtained a peerage. We say unfortunately, because it would have been very interesting to see whether he would not have assumed some more pleasing name.

All these folk lived and died in the belief that it was a very serious thing to improve a surname, and that it could only be accomplished by a sign-manual or an Act of Parliament. Special patents were even in some cases taken out for the addition of "de," and the omission of "s." Thus, Sir Thomas Trafford became Sir Thomas *de* Trafford, and Sir Henry Hoghton, Sir Henry *de* Hoghton, while Sir John Gladstones became Sir John Gladstone, all by royal licence. But one morning it occurred to somebody that nothing of the sort was needed. A Mr. Jones chose to turn himself into Mr. Herbert, and a meddling official obstructed him in consequence in a public manner. The result was an action at law, when Mr. Herbert established his right as a free-born Briton to call himself what he pleased. The point of the story is said to have lain in the fact that the meddling official had gone some years previously to the expense of obtaining a licence under the Queen's sign-manual to take a fresh name himself, or, in other words, had paid for leave to do that which he might have done for nothing. His feelings must have resembled those of the man whose wrath is sung by a Transatlantic muse:—

There was a man who had a clock—
His name was Matthew Mears—
He wound it regular every night
For nearly twenty years.
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
You would not wish to see.

A great many recipients of royal licences must have experienced similar disappointments, and a source of Crown revenue must have been gradually stopped. The fact has only percolated by slow degrees to the level of the great middle class; but of late the second column of the *Times* has been full of announcements in which gentlemen call attention to their having "by deed poll" or otherwise adopted a new surname. There were three of these advertisements last week in one day's paper. First, a Mr. Augustus Ernest Siffken, in deference to the wish of a deceased uncle, assumes the surname of "de Wiederhold" in addition to Siffken. In the second, a gentleman who certainly deserves some commiseration for his exceptionally ugly patronymic, Pegasus, turns it into Pegasus-Dudley, to its manifest improvement. Celtic names have not hitherto been much in vogue, and it is with some surprise that we read the third of these announcements, in which Mr. Thomas Knapp gives notice that he desires in future to be known as Thomas Knapp O'Brien. This is reversing the course adopted by the celebrated dramatic writer McLaughlin, who is better known in literary history as Macklin. The late Lord Clyde was the son of a Glasgow tradesman called Mclever; but on entering the army he assumed, perhaps wisely, his mother's name of Campbell. Another Mclever, whose ancestors had dropped the "Mc," made the name sufficiently famous, and was certainly not ashamed of it; but Charles Lever's countrymen are not always more content with their hereditary appellations than are Scotchmen. McCall, who pursued his fortunes in London a hundred years ago, according to the Scottish custom on which Dr. Johnson so severely commented, dealt in a novel way with his surname. Reversing its syllables, he attained to fame as Almack, whose Rooms were for a long time, and are still in a sense, centres of fashion. A third kind of alteration appears to be peculiar to Ireland, resembling as it does in some respects the abbreviation affected by Macklin. It attracted some attention a few years ago, chiefly, it may be supposed, on account of a celebrated misquotation which was annexed to the story. Mr. Branigan, having risen from comparative obscurity, took a dislike to his patronymic, and, after some hesitation, improved it by the omission of the second syllable, on which the new Mr. Branigan's countrymen remarked that he had acted on Christian principles; for his *i* offended him, and he had plucked it out.

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

THE last number of the *Academy* announces in an odd fashion a piece of news of which we had already heard from more than one private source. There seems to be a strange confederacy in mischief between two prelates who hold sees far apart from each other, and who have not hitherto been thought to have much, theologically at least, in common. It would seem, as far

as we can judge, to be sheer love of destruction, that simple hatred to everything ancient and venerable which does exist in some minds, that binds together the present Bishops of Rome and of Durham in their strange zeal to wipe out the monumental history of their respective dioceses. The Northern prelate has happily more checks upon his will; things stand, though he wishes to have them pulled down; improvements are made, though he will have nothing to say to them; all that he can do is to make speeches and letters reproaching all who do not share his own love of havoc. Yet the Bishop of Durham is a free agent; though his appearance in his own church is as rare as the appearance of his Roman brother in his own church, it cannot be from the same alleged cause. The Bishop of Rome has persuaded others, and has perhaps at last persuaded himself, that he is in prison. The Bishop of Durham has never professed to be in prison; but somehow the Bishop who is, or believes himself to be, in prison contrives to do more mischief than the Bishop who is undoubtedly at large. St. Cuthbert's abbey still stands. The north wall of St. Giles's church still stands; but the church which Imperial authority declared to be the head church of the City and of the World is less lucky. The present episcopate seems doomed to be as fatal to that most venerable of churches as so many earlier episcopates have been. "Him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jebu slay"; and Pius the Ninth is in the like sort minded to destroy the little that his destroying predecessors have spared. The long rows of columns of the mother-church of Christendom have given way to the plaster abominations of the *Renaissance*. The throne of the Patriarch of the West has been cast forth as a useless thing; and, as if papal love of havoc could never be satisfied while a single trace of beauty or antiquity is left, our own times are, it seems, to see the crowning infamy of breaking down the little that is left to us of that honoured sanctuary, of wiping out for ever the lines traced out by the first Christian Caesar in days when Rome's Caesar had a dutiful subject in her bishop. Though so much is gone, yet the arch of triumph still is left; the mighty apse is left; the confession is there; the high altar is there in its ancient place, though the chair of its bishop stands no longer behind it. The apse still glows with its mosaics; in the narrow aisle beyond it are still the tombs and figures of mighty pontiffs; and, more precious still, there yet abide those few columns of the ancient pile which the rage of the barbarian spared. But now all this is doomed to perish. There is indeed a propriety, there is a symbolism, in the chosen actor of the deed. The man who has laboured so hard to cut off the new Church of his own founding, with its new dogmas of its own devising from the elder Church of Emperors and Fathers—the man who has framed the new creed of the Vatican, in an assembly of his own calling—may well be the man chosen to destroy the last relics of the days when the creed of Nicæa was framed in an assembly which came together at the bidding of the Imperial lord of the world. To go back to our original parallel, if Durham has a bishop, it has also a chapter, and, between the two, its churches, great and small, contrive to stand. Rome is less lucky. There bishop and chapter join together in the work, perhaps natural to them, of finishing the destruction of the great monument of the days from which they have cut themselves off. By the joint zeal, at the joint cost, of Pius the Ninth and the canons of the Lateran, the little that is left of the church of Constantine is to be swept away from the earth. In many a church of Western Christendom the faithful are begged to give their penny to St. Peter. Do they know to what hideous deeds of barbarism and sacrilege their pennies are applied by the self-styled prisoner who craves their alms?

There is something passing strange in the way in which the correspondent of the *Academy*, Mr. C. I. Hemans, announces this frightful purpose of the Pope and the canons. He does not seem altogether to like it, and he speaks with a strange stammering voice. It is possible that Mr. Hemans is a believer in papal infallibility even in matters historical and artistic—that he is on the one hand bowed down by the necessities of such a belief, and yet finds his natural sense revolting against it. We do not know what is Mr. Hemans' religious persuasion, but his words sound like those of a man who feels his own reason pulling him one way, while some fancied authority pulls him another:—

One might hesitate to command, or to anticipate purely advantageous results from the last undertaken among the many works for restoring or embellishing churches at Rome under the pontificate of Pius IX.—an ever liberal contributor to the costs of such enterprises. A considerable sum has been appropriated by the Canons of the Lateran, and, as I understand, largely added to by his Holiness, for a restoration, or rather enlargement on a new plan, of that primary basilica, which ranks, as the Cathedral of the Papacy, even higher than St. Peter's.

He then goes on to explain what the plan is, and who is to carry it out:—

It is proposed to give to this great church the more distinctly-defined form of a Latin Cross by lengthening the chancel with its spacious apse, and thus further distancing the high altar from the western end—the orientation of the Lateran being from east to west, the celebrant at that altar having to face the congregation. It is asserted that designs for such renovations prepared by one of the many architects who have carried out the hitherto most unsuitable and unpleasing modernisations of this cathedral, since it was almost entirely rebuilt in the fourteenth century, have been found still extant, and are to be followed out in the new works to be directed by Vespignani, an architect much engaged, and in high repute, under the present Pontiff.

Mr. Hemans's English is about the clumsiest that it ever was our lot to read; but it is plain that, though he seems afraid to speak out, he does not in his heart like the mischief which earlier Popes have delighted to do to their own church. He then tells us of

the beautiful thirteenth-century mosaic which covers the apse; for that he seems to be careful, though he has not a word of sympathy for the ancient columns behind it. He then gets a little bolder, and ventures to tremble, his trembling however being balanced by hope:—

One may tremble for the risks to which this will be exposed in the course of labours which will necessitate the total demolition of the apse itself, the taking to pieces of that precious mosaic, though, of course, with intent to rebuild the mediæval structure and replace its fine decoration with the ancient material, without any alteration of the ancient artistic design. Let us hope, however, for the best under Count Vespignani's experienced guidance.

One is tempted to say, What hast thou to do with hope? What hope can there be in such a case? what is it that Mr. Hemans hopes for? what is there to hope at all, except that some higher power than Pope or chapter may step in, and hinder their brutal purpose? Mr. Hemans would seem to hope that the mosaic may be set up again in some new place, in some new apse further east; but such a translation is really destruction. Set up in a new apse, the mosaic would still have a secondary value, a kind of value which it would have in a museum; but it would be no longer the thing itself, the real thing in its own place. But there is something much more precious than the mosaic, which Mr. Hemans does not seem to think of; that is the church of St. John Lateran itself. The mosaic is after all only an enrichment of the building; but for the building Mr. Hemans does not seem to care at all. He has not a word of rebuke for the frantic love of novelty which cannot be satisfied with the design with which fifteen centuries have been satisfied, but which must needs improve the ground-plan of Constantine according to the whims of Pius the Ninth. Let them indulge their whims somewhere else; let them carry out their notion of a more fully developed Latin cross on some less historic site; but let them keep their destroying hands from the poor remnants of the pile which is the common home of Western Christendom.

One word more. The church of St. John stands on free Italian soil, on soil which Italy has won from the bondage of the priest and the stranger. Italy has a King, she has a Parliament, she has people; the sovereign of Rome holds the monuments of Rome as a trustee for the civilized world. Will the King, the Parliament, the people, of Italy, calmly look on while this havoc is done among them? The canons of St. John's cannot be above the law; the Bishop of Rome himself is not beyond the law, save within the bounds of the house which he calls his prison. If there is no law of the Italian kingdom which hinders such doings, King and Parliament can make a special law for the purpose. There cannot be a better exercise of those extraordinary powers which are in the nature of things vested in the sovereign authority of every independent nation than for the King and Parliament of Italy to step in and rescue all that is left of the common ecclesiastical home of the West from the faithless hands of guardians whose only notion of authority would seem to be that it enables them to boast themselves that they can do mischief.

LIMITS OF MODERN PERSECUTION.

THE notion which is widely held in the present day by Ultramontanes and Rationalists in common, that readiness to persecute is the unflinching test of earnestness in belief, and the gradual disuse of persecution a measure of the progress of Rationalism, represents, to say the least, a very one-sided estimate of the case. There have been plenty of persecutors who had very little faith, and a whole line of saints and doctors of the Church, whose orthodoxy is above all suspicion, can be quoted against the lawfulness of imposing it by force. On the other hand, while religious indifference is of course logically inconsistent with the endeavour or desire to enforce any particular form of belief, there is some basis in fact for the popular epigrams about the faith of infidels and the illiberality of liberals. The *odium theologicum* is often felt quite as strongly by those who detest all dogma, as such, as by the staunchest upholders of a dogmatic creed. The excesses of the Reign of Terror and of the Commune do but exhibit in an aggravated form, coloured of course by peculiarities of national temperament, what may be considered the normal attitude of a certain class of unbelievers towards the professors of a definite faith. Into the question of how far persecution is really accordant with the genuine spirit of orthodox Christianity we do not propose to enter here, though we are by no means prepared to admit the assumption which underlies the Ultramontane and Rationalistic version of the facts. But we take it to be certainly true that, as the progress of civilization tends, on the whole, towards greater gentleness of feeling and conduct, whether in dealing with criminals or otherwise, so does it tend to restrain harsh judgment and harsh treatment of those who are, or are supposed to be, in error. The advance of toleration is thus seen to be closely connected with the growth of a general spirit of mercifulness in modern society. But that advance, if sure, is slow, and not unbroken. There are backwaters to break the force of the general current. Thus, for instance, the great wars, on a scale formerly unknown, which the gigantic armies of modern statecraft help to promote, and the terrible legacy of national jealousies and hatreds which they bequeath, present a serious obstacle. In just the same way there are backwaters in the advancing tide of religious toleration. The vulgar notion that in this age there is full and free toleration for every class of religionists requires at least to be received with reserve. There is no need to travel

beyond the pale of professing Christianity for illustrations of what, however often it may be forgotten or denied, is in reality a familiar fact.

A good deal has been said lately about the persecution of Protestants in Spain. Sir George Bowyer, in a letter in last Monday's *Times*, retorts by a charge against the Italian Government of persecuting Catholics in Italy. It is due to him to say that, unlike Cardinal Manning, he does not pretend to deny or to defend the intolerance of the Spanish Government, and thinks it well that our own Government should interpose with a friendly warning on the subject. But he rather oddly remarks that the dissenters from the national religion in Spain are only a small minority, "a mere fraction," as though their weakness in any way lessened their right to full protection in the exercise of their religious duties. He complains that in Italy, where the vast majority "are, or profess themselves, Catholics"—we will not stay to inquire exactly how much is involved in the alternative—the Catholics are restricted from external manifestations of their religion in the same manner as the Protestants in Spain. This is hardly correct. To forbid religious processions in the streets is one thing; it may be wise or unwise, according to circumstances, but it can hardly be called persecution. To prohibit any public notice of religious services being given, even on the church door, is a far stronger measure of repression, to say nothing of the threats and anathemas fulminated at the heads of all Protestants by such prelates as the Bishop of Minorca. As to the proposed laws about religious corporations and compulsory irreligious education, to which Sir George Bowyer refers, we should like to have further information. As we have pointed out before now, it is hardly possible that liberty of association should be denied to monks and nuns when it is allowed to everybody else; but the desire to refuse it would no doubt mark an imperfect grasp of the principle of religious toleration. Nor are we prepared to affirm, with recent English experience before us, that the principle is always adequately realized by educational reformers. But it is fair to remember that in Italy the difficulties of the problem have been seriously complicated by the action, or inaction, of the priesthood, who obstinately persisted, if they do not still persist, in holding aloof from all participation in the work, when their aid was sought and would have been readily welcomed. Modern intolerance, however, does certainly find one of its lodgments in matters of education, and the orthodox party are by no means always the aggressors.

Let us turn from the Old to the New World. The question of slavery caused, as we know, not many years ago, a kind of religious war in the United States, and it seems not impossible that the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints"—known among men as Mormons—may give occasion to another. All their attempts to get Utah, or the State of Deseret, as it was to be called, admitted as such into the Union have hitherto failed, and the United States officials have frequently come into conflict with the local Legislature. The institution of polygamy—or "plural marriages" as the Mormons phrase it—is of course the great *crux*. And it is curious to find on what very ambiguous sanction, even from a Mormonite point of view, this institution rests. In the original Book of Mormon it is most emphatically condemned, as one of the crying sins which have drawn down the judgments of God upon His people, and the excuse derived from Old Testament usage is expressly repudiated:—"Wherefore my brethren hear me, and hearken unto the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women." It was only towards the close of Joseph Smith's career that a supplementary revelation on "Celestial Marriage"—reminding us rather unpleasantly of some later additions to the Koran—was vouchsafed to him. It consists of twenty-five short paragraphs, and confers on "my servant, Joseph," the privilege of multiplying his wives, with the stipulation, however, that the consent of the first wife must be obtained; but in all other respects the most absolute submission and obedience to her lord and master is enjoined on the weaker vessel in the person of "mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife." The troubles of the infant Church had begun before the announcement of this startling revelation in 1843, as a brief glance at the career of Joe Smith—or "Mr. S." as his disciples are fond of designating him—will prove. Born in Vermont in 1805, he professed to have discovered the mysterious plates from which the Book of Mormon was transcribed in 1827, near Palmyra in the State of New York; and three years later he organized his Church at Fayette, whence it soon migrated to Jackson County, Missouri, and was then driven by persecution to Illinois, where the New Jerusalem was to be founded. But in 1844, the year after the revelation of Celestial Marriage, fresh disturbances broke out, and Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum found it prudent to surrender themselves on a charge of treason. They were imprisoned at Carthage; but a body of men, with blackened faces, surrounded the prison and murdered them. Several of the rioters were afterwards tried, but were acquitted. The persecution continued after the death of Joe Smith, and in 1846 an armed mob seized and burnt the Mormon city of Nauvoo, and Brigham Young, President of the Twelve Apostles, escaped with the remnant of his followers across the Mississippi into Iowa. In 1847 they established themselves in the Great Salt Lake Valley, and in 1850 the territorial Government of Utah was recognized by an Act of Congress, Brigham Young being appointed Governor by the President of the United States. Their numbers have largely in-

creased since then, and the Government has on the whole dealt fairly by them; but popular feeling, as we have seen, was strongly against so strange a sect, even in that paradise of free Churches where the State tolerates all religions and professes none. In the Old World, as is natural, they have found little favour. Their European converts are almost exclusively drawn from Great Britain and Denmark, because there alone have their missionaries been suffered to preach with impunity. In Norway they were declared not to be a Christian sect, and were consequently excluded from the protection guaranteed by law to all forms of Christianity. But in spite of these restrictions, the immigration from Europe to Utah is said to vary from one thousand to four thousand annually.

A writer who has lately been pleading the cause of the Mormons, though not professing to agree with them, considers that they have a very special claim on the sympathy of all who value the principle of "religious liberty." It might perhaps be replied that grave moral and social issues are involved in the matter, and that the plea of toleration cannot be stretched to include every conceivable scheme of life which shelters itself under a religious sanction. Unless a line is drawn somewhere, we should be bound to tolerate not only the peculiar institution of the Mormons, but the still more questionable system of the Thugs, who also claim a religious sanction. But at all events, when the sympathy of all lovers of absolute religious toleration is demanded for the Mormons on the ground that "they are the *only* Christian sect that has suffered in our own days severe persecution at the hands of professing Christians," one is tempted to ask what is the exact meaning attached to the word "severe." Roman Catholics in our own day have undergone what most people would consider pretty severe treatment in some parts of the Russian Empire, to say nothing of the more recent fining and imprisoning of bishops and priests in Germany; and Protestants, as we have seen, are just now pretty severely handled in Spain. We are not sure whether the rigid proscription of all dissent from the established faith, which not long ago prevailed in Italy, is still maintained in Sweden. Of indirect and social persecution in its manifold forms, which is the chief grievance the Mormons at present have to complain of, they cannot certainly claim a monopoly.

THE PLAYERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE Lord Mayor has now triumphantly exhausted the programme of his gregarious dinner parties, having entertained in turn a section of almost every class of the community. The bishops and clergy, the Stock Exchange and the speculative world around it, the doctors, the lawyers, the men of science, the "representatives of literature," the artists, and the actors and actresses, have all in turn been bidden to the festive board. It may be conceived that, if there had been more time, there might have been included in this generous scheme various other groups of representative people, and it is possible that there may be some quarters in which disappointment has thus been caused. But, on the whole, it will probably be thought that the Lord Mayor has done enough; and the apology which he offered to the actors—that, as far as possible, he had endeavoured to collect "the whole representatives of the drama," "and if any had been perchance omitted, he trusted that no intention to slight any one would be attributed to him"—may be extended to such classes of the population as have unfortunately not had an opportunity of sharing the hospitality of the Mansion House. It must, indeed, have been an exceedingly difficult and perplexing task for the Lord Mayor or his secretary to determine exactly who should be included in "the whole representatives" of any art or profession. This was puzzling in literature, but it must have been even more so in the case of the theatrical world. As it was, the company on Tuesday afternoon—the dinner had to be early on account of other engagements on the part of the guests—was, no doubt, of a comprehensive character, and contained the leading types of the profession. There were present, according to the reckoning of one speaker, eminent tragedians, first low comedians, walking gentlemen, leading ladies, singing chambermaids, and heavy fathers, and so on. But it is impossible to shut our eyes entirely to the fact that these distinctive species make up numerically only a comparatively small part of the great theatrical family. Just now, at more than one theatre in town, the entertainments are mainly carried on by the class of mute performers who are known as "supers." Indeed, one manager has gone so far in his appreciative cultivation of this form of histrionic genius as to give it a prominent place in an address to the public on the subject of an historical play which he has recently put on the boards. His crowds, he asserts, are "real crowds, jostling and surging under the excitement of some public event or ceremony"; he seems to include those worthy persons among the "artists" representing the most cultivated talent of the day." It is certainly by no means easy to say where the "representatives of the drama" begin and end. A conscientious member of a provincial company is said to have once pleaded, as an excuse for being deeply absorbed in reflection, that he had "two shouts in the second act." We believe also that even the silent processionists who lend so much splendour and animation to certain pieces are inclined, in some cases, to take a high view of their art, and have heard of one who argued with pathetic earnestness that it was by no means so easy to carry a banner on the stage as some people supposed—that was, he explained, "to keep it always with the right side to the house." It might have been suggested to him, as a consolation, that a similar difficulty is occasionally experienced by eminent persons in political life. It may perhaps be

arranged that, if there are any more gatherings of dramatic artists, this modest but deserving set of men will not be left wholly unrepresented. A well-drilled supernumerary or walking gentleman who knows his place, and exactly what to do and what not, is invaluable in a company which aims at finish. And, indeed, the quiet competence of such subordinates is an unfailing test of the spirit in which the management does its work. The admirable way in which this element of stage business is done in the Paris theatres has often been remarked. It is the attention even to what may seem petty and insignificant details which distinguishes the French system; for when it is found in small things, it is tolerably certain to be found in greater things.

Whatever, however, may be the degree of success with which the Lord Mayor has satisfied the "whole representatives of the drama" that they have been adequately represented, there can be no doubt that there was one feature of the gathering which is especially soothing at this moment of warlike agitation. It is undoubtedly a feat of which the amiable host may well be proud that he has brought those two hereditary foes—the players and the dramatic critics—peaceably together at his table. There have lately been some alarming symptoms of a disposition on the part of managers to oust their enemies by entering into direct competition with them. We have already referred to one manager who has anticipated or supplanted criticism by publishing a criticism of his own, and who appears to possess not only all those graces of literary style which appeal powerfully to the public mind, but also a keen and discriminating appreciation of the perfections of dramatic art, and a generous enthusiasm for theatrical enterprise which cannot fail to excite sympathy. It is true, no doubt, that the dramatic perfections and the enterprise are the advertiser's own wares; but this makes him the more competent to deal with the subject than a cold, unsympathetic critic. Another London manager has also invaded the columns of the press in order to suppress what he calls "after-dinner, toothpick criticism." Some doubts having been expressed as to the humour of certain pieces produced at his house, he issued a proclamation denouncing all who failed to appreciate their "brightness and go." In the Egyptian Hall, however, actors and critics embraced affectionately; and bygones were forgotten. Indeed, on the whole we do not think that any impartial person who is in the habit of looking over the dramatic notices in the London papers would say that critics usually err on the side of undue severity. On the contrary, they are apt to be too lenient in their conventional praise; and the intimate fraternity of critics and actors is hardly an advantage to the public, nor are the managers themselves benefited by the substitution of flattery for good advice. It was only natural, no doubt, that, under the influences of the occasion, the oratory after the midday banquet should be of a somewhat glowing and enthusiastic character. The Lord Mayor explained that, though he "did not know the dramatic body personally," yet he "had an intense regard and esteem for all that they did in promoting, by their actions upon the stage, all the noblest passions of our nature for the benefit of the human race." He added that pathetic theatrical representations "produced more tears than any real and natural calamity ever did," which is perhaps a doubtful illustration of the theory of the stage being a benefit to the human race. The Lord Mayor also showed either his ignorance or his good nature when he ventured on the statement that "the English stage was the most perfect in the world." Shakspeare, indeed, stands pre-eminent among all dramatists; but, as far as the modern drama is concerned, it is chiefly borrowed from foreign sources, while the acting of English performers, though of a good average level, does not rise to the high standard of the best French and German schools. Mr. Buckstone proclaimed, amid general applause, that comedy was never in a more satisfactory state than at present; but the fact that he cited in proof of this, that a certain modern comedy was running into its thousandth night, is scarcely conclusive. It only shows that there is a profitable return to be obtained from a play which appeals to a sense of vulgar fun and a low level of intelligence. The acting of *Our Boys* is no doubt clever enough to carry it off; but the piece itself, if anybody took the trouble to analyse it, would be found to be very poor stuff. Besides, the secret of the prolonged success of such a piece lies not in its merit, but rather in the wonderful circumstance that it has had such a run. This excites curiosity, and every country visitor feels bound to see it. It must be on a very low estimate of the value of comedy that the continuous performance of such a work for so long a period is represented as a crowning triumph. It may be a temporary gain to a manager's treasury, but not to the stock of genuine comedy; and it is absurd to speak of it in the same breath with *Much Ado about Nothing* or the *School for Scandal*. At the same time there is no reason to be desponding as to the condition of the English stage. There have lately been satisfactory proofs that there is a large and growing audience which relishes both acting and literature of a refined and intellectual cast. The revival of Shakspeare is not likely to be soon given up, and Mr. Gilbert justly called attention to the fact that the number of original English plays produced in London was increasing. It is also true that, as a rule, artistic progress may be traced in the style of stage appointments, and in the studied attention paid to correct and appropriate costume. It must also be admitted that, if the capacity of the actors and actresses of to-day seldom rises to the height of heroic passion or emotion, they are generally quiet and natural, and avoid any offence against good taste or propriety. The question of State assistance to the theatrical art was mooted both by Mr. Phelps,

as an actor, and by Mr. Wills, as an author. The latter urged that what was wanted was "a national theatre, a concentration of histrionic talent, a school for dramatic genius, a nursery for histrionic art," while Mr. Phelps asked why a subsidized theatre upon a moderate scale could not be added to the education system? It should, however, be observed that, whatever may be urged in favour of Government intervention in a matter of this kind—and it is surrounded with practical difficulties—there is no reason why the members of the profession should not themselves endeavour to build up a sound school for dramatic education. The main defect of contemporary actors, and especially actresses, is that they are wanting in that steady and careful training which is essential to a finished representation of any great part. There are scarcely any of them who can recite blank verse properly, or have an idea as to how it ought to be spoken, and the ordinary articulation of the stage is very slovenly and indistinct. In former days there was in the first instance a long and laborious apprenticeship in the country theatres before an ambitious aspirant appeared in town. But now a young actor no sooner attains to a moderate proficiency than he settles down as a passed master in his art; and the slight, commonplace texture of current plays encourages this weakness. The more the subject is considered, the more plainly it will appear that a high class of acting will never be secured unless the literary medium is adequate for the purpose.

AMALGAMATED CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

A meeting of the Amalgamated Chimney-Sweeps' Association held a few days ago in the Holloway Hall, Mr. Edward F. Duffin read a paper in reply to certain criticisms of the daily press. Mr. Duffin began by complaining of a lack of courtesy on the part of the writer of those criticisms, combined with a want of knowledge of the practice of chimney-sweeping; and went on to repudiate his counsel and to condemn his unwise attempt "to mislead the public upon matters with which he is evidently unacquainted." Mr. Duffin then referred to the Act passed in 1875, by which master sweeps are compelled to register their men and their apprentices; and he remarked, amid the indignant plaudits of his audience, that by such legislation the trade was degraded and disgraced. Men, he continued, who know "the ins and outs of every establishment in the metropolis, from a bar-room to a bank, from a post-office to a palace, from the cottage of the artisan to the mansion of the earl, yes, even the Earl of Shaftesbury," are liable to be stopped in a public thoroughfare "by any common informer or police officer," their certificate demanded, and if necessary copied, while the owner waits. "These," remarked Mr. Duffin, with a pardonable irony, "are called simple arrangements." "Yet," he adds, with a still more pardonable pride, "there are no Bill Sikeses, no Banner Oakleys among us; for, if actions speak louder than words, our past history proves us to be as honest as any class of men in the kingdom. Why, then, should we be subject to such degradation in the eyes of our passing customers and the world in general?" Mr. Duffin next, descending from the flights of a lofty eloquence, endeavoured to show that by the working of these "simple arrangements" the trade of the chimney-sweeper "not only will become, but is already being, extinguished," reciting the Act of 1842 against the employment of little boys, the Act of 1864 against the employment of lads under sixteen, and now the new Act, by which a chimney-sweep is compelled to be licensed and to make a return of the men in his employment. He declared that Amalgamated Chimney-Sweeps have no wish to return to the old and cruel system, protesting that they abhor even "the memory of it, and are opposed to it on principle." But now, while "chimneys have increased, sweeps have decreased, the price of tools has gone up, and wages have risen enormously, and we defy all the editors in the kingdom to prove the contrary." He further stated that, though the Act only came into operation on the 1st of January, there have been many large meetings of chimney-sweeps, with or without amalgam, to protest; and a deputation has waited on Lord Shaftesbury, who has promised to take the matters brought before him into consideration, whence perhaps the allusion noted above. Mr. Duffin contends therefore that the chimney-sweeps have been up and doing, and undertakes for himself and his associates "to astonish the maudlin, meddling fraternity whose witless brains are overburdened with a superabundant knowledge of nothing at all." This terrific threat was followed by one even more awful. He intimated that a strike among the sweeps might or might not take place. "We shall act," he said, "just as we please in the matter"—and then, drawing a melancholy picture of those "fools of the blackest dye" who would attempt to sweep a flue untaught, he pointed out that chimney-sweeping requires thoroughly skilled workmen, and that men fit for London cannot be found in the country. The case of the gas-stokers is not to the point, because theirs was not skilled labour; and, in the event of a strike, the work could not, he asserts, be given to others; but, if it were given to others, and they were no wiser than the critics, or, to use Mr. Duffin's own language, "possessed the same amount of intelligent experience," the results would be inconvenient—"a pretty rummage there would be among the metropolitan slates, tiles, and chimney-pots, carpets, and skylights; for into each hearth the soot would fall, and the room would be dark and dreary." Mr. Duffin's next remark, though perhaps scarcely so poetical, has its

bearing on art. He contended that to sweep a chimney perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, and only nine inches wide, required knowledge and skill, and should be done often, because a "coating of corroded soot" becomes hardened in the flue, and, diminishing the aperture, causes "great outlay for alterations and unsightly chimney-tops which spoil the appearance of the buildings and the beauty of the architecture, and also considerable annoyance and unnecessary expense to the public." So far we agreed with Mr. Duffin, but we may be permitted to doubt whether "this is all caused through a deficiency of skilled chimney-sweepers." In conclusion, Mr. Duffin thought that something should be done, not only for the benefit of the public, but in the interest of the chimney-sweeps as well, "in order to remedy the sable ills that superficial flesh will otherwise become heir to," and recommends officious counsellors of the daily press to get up a little information as to their own neighbourhood, instead of sending expeditions to Central Africa and the negroes of Ujiji.

Such was Mr. Duffin's oration to his amalgamated brethren, and it must be allowed that the prospect he holds out is sufficiently appalling. The cab strike was bad; the gas strike might have been worse; but against a strike of the chimney-sweeps we agree with him that no one could contend. If Mr. Duffin sweeps a chimney as well as he makes a speech, he is an ornament to his profession; and it is satisfactory to observe that his audience carried unanimously a vote of thanks for his brave words. It is not easy to say why we should be surprised to find the education and feelings of ordinary men under the dark exterior of a chimney-sweep; but there is something almost startling in the ease with which he handles long sentences and piles up epithets. There, however, our sympathy must cease. It does not happen to many of us to become sweeps; but there are plenty of trades held in even more estimation in which the necessity for holding a licence does not appear to be a very great hardship. It is no harder upon chimney-sweeps than upon thousands of other people, who may not keep a dog, shoot game, or wear a ring with a crest on it, without a licence. If surgeons and anatomists are content to suffer silently under the Act of last Session, if apothecaries do not amalgamate in order to secure the privilege of selling poisons at pleasure, we cannot feel for the woes of the sweeps as Mr. Duffin and his friends would have us feel. The dignity of a sweep may be deeply outraged, and his profession disgraced, if a policeman, "or other common informer" asked for his licence before a sensitive customer. But the noble science of chimney-sweeping is still more called in question when a sweep gets drunk; yet we have seen sweeps in a state of inebriation, to use the language preferred by their spokesman, and never heard that the amalgam which bound him to his associated brethren was sundered by his imprudent act. In short, if chimney-sweeps have men of Mr. Duffin's intelligence among them, they are quite able to understand that agitation of this kind will do their cause very little good; that they do not stand on a different footing from other tradesmen; and that they need licensing just as much as any other class whose employment is open to abuses. The fact that we admit sweeps to the "cottage of the peasant and the palace of the earl—even the Earl of Shaftesbury," is a reason that we should protect ourselves as much as possible; and it is no slur on them, though, according to Mr. Duffin, they have hitherto maintained so high a character. If they have a grievance, it is that, not being allowed to take apprentices under sixteen years of age, they may find it hard to get apprentices at all, since boys of sixteen usually prefer any other trade. But this law has been long in force, and the agitation against the licensing only shows that they have hitherto evaded it. If sweeps have not felt the operation of the Act of 1864 until now, it must either be because the boys then in their employment had not grown up, or else because they were able to get fresh boys in spite of the Act. If this is not the case, they should accept their licences silently, and endeavour by the exceptional advantages they offer to boys, in kindness, good feeding, clothing, education, and the like, to overcome any disadvantages under which their trade appears to labour at present. Sweeps find no difficulty in getting wives; why should they find any difficulty in getting apprentices? We have heard, indeed, of an unfortunate man whose next-door neighbour's cook was engaged to a person of Mr. Duffin's trade, and who complained bitterly that the kitchen chimney was swept once a week, or still more often, and that cries of "Wheep" resounded through all the silent watches of the night.

Since the days of Mrs. Montagu chimney-sweeps, and especially young ones, have been objects of interest to the philanthropist. They have also, young and old, been objects of interest to nursery-maids. There is no bogey so convenient and so unquestionable. The most sceptical child must admit having seen one in the flesh. Many a little sinner spends the last waking hours of every day in the casting up of a debtor and creditor account of his acts of naughtiness, and trembles as, early in the grey dawn of morning, he hears the weird cry of the passing sweep. Not many children can muster up courage enough to speak to the black man, and question him as to his anthropophagous propensities. Should he be able to clear himself of the dreadful suspicion, the discipline of the nursery is at an end. Yet this terror sometimes survives in the youthful mind until so late a period that it assumes the pleasant guise of a fictitious dread, like that excited by hearing ghost stories; and we have even heard a modern child, young in years, but old in fairy lore, who entreated to see the chimney-sweep because "he does

frighten me to death." But chimney-sweeps are not all black now. There is, in fact, little reason for the extreme hue sometimes assumed. When it is found convenient as well as possible to retain a white face, much of the dislike of boys to the trade will have departed. It cannot be called a dirty trade in comparison with some to which boys have no great objection—butcherings, for example, or soap-boiling—and there is no doubt of its being lucrative. Some young gentlemen in search of employment might take to it in preference to brewing, for instance; and the Act of 1875, if it raises the character of the trade, will be not a grievance, but a benefit, even to amalgamated sweeps. We have not the slightest idea of throwing ridicule on Mr. Duffin's eloquence, but we cannot help feeling that, if he had spent some of the time required for elaborating telling periods in looking into the reality of his complaints, the meeting at Holloway Hall would have been deprived of a great speech.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

ARGE as was the acceptance for the Cambridgeshire, there were circumstances which rendered it doubtful up to the last moment whether the field would not be the smallest that had started on any occasion during the last twenty years. First the handicap was spoiled, so every one said, by the admission of The Ghost at 7 st. 9 lbs.; then there was Rosebery, who had won the Cesarewitch with such consummate ease that, despite his 14 lbs. penalty, he was judged capable of accomplishing what had never been done before, and of carrying off the double event; and lastly, there were divers accidents to some of the candidates, and failure of others to acquit themselves satisfactorily in their trials, which threatened to curtail the size of the field. At one time it was actually thought that there would not be more than twenty runners—and a terrible comedown that would have been for the most popular handicap of the year—but at the last moment owners plucked up heart, and the Frenchmen, who have so often been formidable in this race, starting no fewer than five, thirty-two horses in the end assembled at the post. Of these only three were supported with anything like enthusiasm—namely, The Ghost, who from first to last had maintained his position, and on whom his friends depended with implicit confidence; Rosebery, who was judged by his owner to be gifted with the dash of speed so necessary to a Cambridgeshire winner; and Cat's-Eye, one of the most leniently weighted horses in the handicap, who little more than a week ago had supplanted his stable companion, Lord Lincoln, in the position of favourite, which the latter had held, and seemed likely to hold till the fall of the flag.

It may be well, however, to look a little more in detail at the credentials of the most noteworthy of the competitors. The first, second, and third in the Cesarewitch met again in the Cambridgeshire; but Woodlands, being handicapped at a heavier weight in the short than in the long race, reaped but little benefit from the penalty attaching to his rival. In the Cesarewitch Rosebery gave 3 lbs. to Woodlands, and in the Cambridgeshire, including his penalty, he met him on only 2 lbs. worse terms; and, as Woodlands was beaten by four lengths in the long race, it is easy to see that he had but a faint chance of turning the tables on Rosebery. Merry Duchess ran sufficiently well in the Cesarewitch to justify the belief that she would at least gain a place in the Cambridgeshire; but in the week between the two races she met with some accident which endangered her prospects. At best, however, she could hardly have been expected to beat Rosebery, had it not been that all precedents were against the same horse carrying off the two events. That what never has been done never will be done is an axiom among racing men; and, just as no two-year-old, however great his performances, would ever be warmly supported for the Middle Park Plate if he had to carry the extreme penalty, so Rosebery, despite his brilliant Cesarewitch victory, was not a great public favourite for the Cambridgeshire. His owner and his owner's friends supported him; but the public feared to indulge the hope that the spell which had hung over such Cesarewitch winners as Cecil and Salvano would be successfully broken by Rosebery. In addition, the penalty had been increased; so that, instead of carrying 7 lbs. or 10 lbs. extra, as previous Cesarewitch winners have done without success, Rosebery was burdened with 14 lbs. extra. Thus he had not only to show himself as well adapted for a sprint race as a fortnight ago he was for a two-mile race, but he had to show himself able to support a very much increased weight into the bargain. The rule that a horse cannot be trained to race over long and short distances at one and the same time holds good ninety-nine times out of a hundred; and the brilliant, but exceptional, success of Rosebery will hardly tempt racing men to forsake a maxim the truth of which is exemplified every month of the season. It must be said for Rosebery that, after showing how well he could stay in the Cesarewitch, he lashed out at the finish of the race and manifested superior speed also; and those who supported him for the Cambridgeshire in the teeth of all precedent probably took this circumstance into consideration. Hopbloom destroyed whatever chance he possessed for the Cesarewitch by forcing the running and galloping himself to a standstill. But he led his field for more than a mile; and this, coupled with his Hunt Cup victory at Ascot, should have made him a formidable candidate for the Cambridgeshire. But of what use was it to think of him when his stable companion, The Ghost, was known to be his superior,

and was considered almost a certainty for the race? The public performances of The Ghost were not of the grandest description, though as a two-year-old he showed form enough to make handicappers deal heavily with him. As a three-year-old he distinguished himself over short courses only, and this year he had run for the Hunt and Gold Cups at Ascot, and for the Chichester Stakes at Goodwood, without success. The ability of The Ghost to stay a mile and a quarter had to be taken entirely on trust, and though from the moment the weights appeared he had a crowd of supporters, whose confidence increased day by day, we believe we are right in saying that Admiral Rous altogether ignored his pretensions, and prophesied that he would be beaten before he got to the top of the Cambridgeshire hill. Then there was in the same stable Tassel, who as a two-year-old ran third to King Death and Julia Peachum, and third to Coltness and Wisdom at Ascot, and who, later in the season, beat Coltness at Newmarket; and we think that on paper his chance for the Cambridgeshire seemed quite as good as that of The Ghost. It was evident, also, that Prince Soltykoff had a good opinion of the horse, for he bought him in at the recent sale of his stud at a large price; but nothing could shake the position of The Ghost in public favour, and Hopbloom and Tassel retired to the extreme outside division, while the son of Suffolk started almost as good a favourite as Rosebery himself. Of Skylark we may say that he has been a fair and a consistent public performer, but that 8 st. was quite sufficient weight for him in a race like the Cambridgeshire. True, See-Saw was successful as a three-year-old with 8 st. 2 lbs.; but there can be little doubt that See-Saw was a far superior horse to Skylark. Lord Falmouth's horses, moreover, though always formidable in weight-for-age races, seldom show to advantage in handicaps, for which class of races their owner has little partiality. We now come to Sir G. Chetwynd's pair, Lord Lincoln and Cat's-Eye. By many good judges the latter, a four-year-old with 6 st. 2 lbs., was considered the pick of the handicap; and certainly when we remember that last year he won the Chichester Stakes at Goodwood, beating Vril and Modena, and a week later at Lewes carried off the County Cup, beating Trappist at weight for age, it must be confessed that his claims seemed second to none. It was reported that the handicapper mistook him for another Cat's-Eye—these duplicate names are one of the greatest nuisances of racing—whose performances had been of a very inferior order of merit. We cannot vouch for the truth of this statement; but anyhow, Sir G. Chetwynd's Cat's-Eye struck us from the first as having been much more leniently weighted than The Ghost. Subsequently to the publication of the weights, however, the owner of Cat's-Eye bought Lord Lincoln for two thousand guineas; and as this three-year-old, who had shown fair form in 1875, speedily sprang to the front rank in the Cambridgeshire quotations, it was forthwith concluded that he was better than Cat's-Eye at the weights. At one moment Lord Lincoln passed The Ghost and was indisputably first favourite; but he was speedily deposed from this position on the discovery being made that his stable companion was immeasurably superior to him. We must pass rapidly over the remainder. Newport had some claims to be considered dangerous, on account of his victory in the October handicap a month ago; Telescope and Claremont represented the patched-up division, and it was hoped that one or other of them might rival the victories of Westminster and Sutton; Sutherland, a dark son of Oxford or The Duke, who has only run once this year and did not run at all last year, was fancied by those who are always on the look-out for danger from an unexpected quarter; and the Frenchmen, as we have already said, sent five representatives to the post, the best of the five on public form being Pensacola, a daughter of Dollar, who has run well both in England and France. Foreign sportsmen have been very fortunate in the Cambridgeshire, having won it with Palestro, Adonis, Montargis, and Peut-Etre, and having also secured a place on other occasions.

For the first time since the institution of the Cambridgeshire the starters had to draw lots for their places, and the fortunes of the race were considerably affected thereby. Horses on the upper ground have always an advantage in this race over those on the lower, and on this occasion those that were unlucky in the ballot never showed prominently on the top of the Cambridgeshire hill. Newport got the best position near the rails on the right, and took the course which Fordham always took when he managed to get it—and he nearly always did manage to get it; Hopbloom, Rosebery, and The Ghost had good positions on the upper side, but nearer the centre of the course; and Cat's-Eye got the very worst place of all at the extreme left. It took some little time to get the thirty-two horses into the positions allotted to them; and as there were several breaks away, and the race, with characteristic disregard of the convenience of the spectators, had been fixed for a late hour of the afternoon, very little could be seen of the start, or indeed of the first half of the race, except by people who had stationed themselves within a short distance of the starting-post. Had there been the number of false starts we have seen in former years, the Cambridgeshire of 1876 would have been run in total darkness. Fortunately, the starter got his horses in line while there was still a glimmer of light, and we heard no complaints as to the character of the start. The horses on the right hand from the very first drew clear away from those on the left, and before a quarter of a mile had been covered all the horses on the lower ground were hopelessly out of the race. Of those on the upper, Newport, making the most of his advantageous position, soon held a clear lead, being followed by Hopbloom, Rosebery, The Ghost, and Coomassie from

the centre division. The first of this quartet to give way was The Ghost, who collapsed at the end of six furlongs, and swerving from distress against Rosebery, very nearly knocked him out of his stride, and undoubtedly caused him to lose several lengths. Hopbloom came the best out of this *melée*, and soon after wrested the lead from Newport, while Rosebery, who had made up his lost ground, pressed closely on the heels of Sir J. Astley's horse. Between Hopbloom and Rosebery an interesting struggle followed, the Cesarewitch winner not getting his head in front till a hundred yards from home, and then having great difficulty to retain his advantage. Indeed he swerved so much in the last few strides that it was an anxious moment before the judge hoisted the winning number; but the verdict was in favour of Rosebery by a short neck. Hopbloom was running the straighter and the stronger of the two at the finish, and would, we think, have won in another fifty yards; but then it must be remembered that Rosebery lost some lengths during the race, and that the slightest accident in the Cambridgeshire is generally fatal. So the victory, though barely won, was well deserved; and it must be admitted that Rosebery has proved himself one of the greatest handicap horses of the day, and also that his merits had been gauged by his owner with wonderful accuracy. Had Hopbloom won, those connected with him would hardly have found much matter for congratulation, for it was no secret that their hopes rested solely on The Ghost. In Hopbloom's stable there are so many masters and so many horses of more or less merit that continual mistakes seem to be made as to which is better or worse than the other. Thus at Doncaster Lollypop twice beat Brigg Boy, who carried the confidence of the stable; in the Cesarewitch Talisman beat Hopbloom; and now Hopbloom in turn has distanced The Ghost. For ourselves, after his Hunt Cup victory over a brilliant field, we were quite prepared to see Hopbloom show to advantage over the Cambridgeshire course; and it may perhaps be discovered that one mile is more to his liking than two. Neither Cat's-Eye nor Lord Lincoln was ever able to get near the front; but Coomassie ran a great mare under her heavy weight, and might possibly have gained third place had she been persevered with to the finish. But the two leaders had the race so entirely at their mercy in the last furlong that a good many of the horses behind them pulled up, and thus Liris ran into the third place, and two of the French division, Gavarni and Pensacola, finished fourth and fifth. As on so many previous occasions, the apparent blots of the handicap have turned out to be no blots at all, the event showing that the handicapper knew more about the real merits of the horses supposed to be unduly favoured than their own friends. In this respect the Cambridgeshire of 1876 is not unlike many of its predecessors, wherein quite as great favourites as The Ghost and Cat's-Eye have been signally discomfited; but it will stand as a landmark in racing history on account of Rosebery's unprecedented feat, which so many good horses have vainly tried to accomplish.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

THE interest of Mr. Theodore Martin's second volume is no longer exclusively biographical; for in 1848, the year with which it commences, Prince Albert had begun to exercise a political influence which, as it afterwards became more constant and more effective, brought him into direct contact with the public events of the time. In the present volume Mr. Martin displays a remarkable faculty of condensed historical narration. He also clearly explains the influence on domestic and foreign affairs which was exercised by Prince Albert. At a later period the Prince was for a time the object of idle clamour and outrageous calumny, on the ground of the large share which he was found to take in the Royal counsels. At the close of the present volume Mr. Martin describes the vexation which was felt by the Prince during his temporary and causeless unpopularity; but his annoyance was mingled with surprise that his interference had not been recognized earlier, and his satisfaction on the whole predominated over his regret:—

There is [he said] a swarm of letters, articles, and pamphlets to prove that the husband of the Queen as such, and as Privy Councillor, not only may be, but, in the general interest, must be, an active and responsible adviser of the Crown; and I hope the debate in Parliament will confirm this view, and settle it at once and for ever. The recognition of this fact will be of importance, and is alone worth all the hubbub and abuse. I think I may venture to assume that the nation is ashamed of its past thoughtlessness, and has already arrived at a just understanding of my position; but it needed some hard hitting to open their eyes.

On the meeting of Parliament in 1854 Lord Aberdeen conclusively disposed of the charge that the Prince was privy to all communications between the Queen and her Ministers. His answer was, in substance, that of course the statement was true, and that it would be impossible or unnatural that things should be otherwise arranged. The thoughtless multitude which had a few days before almost believed that Prince Albert had been committed to the Tower for treason at once admitted the force of the Minister's appeal to common sense and natural feeling. There could scarcely be a better commentary on the absurdities of agitations than the

* *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin, C.B. Vol. II. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

letter in which the Queen communicated to Baron Stockmar its sudden and total collapse. "The position of my beloved lord and master," said Her Majesty, "has been defined for once and all, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most fully." That the Queen should keep State secrets from the knowledge of the adviser whom she delighted to call her lord and master was a preposterous and childish demand. The wise and good and occasionally tedious Stockmar took the opportunity, according to his custom, of addressing to the Prince an elaborate essay on the English Constitution in general, and especially on the place which it assigned to the husband of the Queen. The ordinary reader would scarcely discover that nearly all the correspondence published by Mr. Martin was conducted in German. There is in English literature no better example of free and idiomatic translation. Stockmar's disquisitions indeed could only have proceeded from a German; but the language is that of an Englishman. He now vindicated to his own satisfaction the right of the King, who in the present case was practically represented by the Prince Consort, to be the permanent President of his Ministerial Council. There was no want of arguments to prove that the King was not, like the Ministry, the head of a party; and Stockmar proceeds to say, "Thus then do I vindicate for the Sovereign the position of a permanent Premier, who takes rank above the temporary head of the Cabinet, and in matters of discipline exercises supreme authority." It is useless to vindicate a supposed right which is not accompanied by corresponding power. The political centre of party is in the House of Commons; and it is as the leader of the dominant party that the Minister has strength to administer the Government. Succeeding to George IV. and William IV., who had gradually relinquished prerogatives which had been exercised by their father, Prince Albert was morally justified in attempting once more to assert the personal authority of the Crown. If he had lived longer, he might perhaps in great measure have succeeded; for his great ability would have been reinforced by unequalled experience, and he would never have attempted an infringement of the Constitution, which he valued and thoroughly understood. The letters which are published in the present volume confirm the well-founded belief in the Prince's soundness of judgment and political sagacity. Mr. Martin quotes, in support of an opinion uniformly entertained by all those who had the means of appreciating the Prince's powers, a remarkable answer of Lord Palmerston's to a friend who had described the Emperor of the French as an extraordinary man. "'Yes,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'he is; but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home. . . . In regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, the Prince Consort is far superior to the Emperor.'" Lord Palmerston's tribute to the qualities of the Prince is the more valuable because, alone among the English statesmen of the time, he had been brought into hostile collision with the personal representative of the Crown. Mr. Martin must greatly have regretted the real or supposed necessity of devoting a large space to the details of a painful quarrel.

Some of the earlier pages of the volume contain a clear and accurate summary of the principal events of the revolutionary time which began with the unfortunate Parisian outbreak of 1848. Prince Albert was, as was natural, chiefly interested in the strange complications of German politics. He regretted the weakness of the King of Prussia in allowing a riotous mob to extort concessions; but he afterwards wished that the German Princes would aid the cause of national unity by supporting the Frankfort Assembly, which had, with the consent of Austria and Prussia, superseded the Diet. Stockmar objected to the Prince's views that they were too much influenced by dynastic interests, and he strangely overlooked the helplessness of a nominally sovereign Assembly which had not a soldier at its disposal. After he had declined the post of Foreign Minister, Stockmar was disposed to become German Prime Minister, if Bunsen would have undertaken the conduct of foreign affairs. Fortunately for both, the King of Prussia refused his assent to the appointment of Bunsen; and soon afterwards, when Austria and Prussia resumed their independent action, the Federal Constitution and the Assembly disappeared. The experiment had embodied the historical and political theories which had been incessantly discussed from the time when Napoleon's conquests revived the forgotten consciousness of national unity. The plan which was tried was in all respects blundering and hopeless; but it expressed aspirations and tendencies which were destined to be realized by entirely different means. At that time, and afterwards, Prince Albert foresaw that German unity could only be accomplished by the agency of Prussia. He knew that the task was too arduous for Frederick William IV.; and he could scarcely anticipate the triumph of the present Emperor, for whom the Queen and the Prince entertained a cordial friendship.

The history of the rejection by Prince Albert of the Duke of Wellington's proposal that he should become Commander-in-Chief of the army is further illustrated by the narrative and published correspondence. The desire of the Duke to retain for the Crown a control of the army which should be in some respects independent of Parliament was approved by Sir Robert Peel, and it was consistent both with former practice and with the Duke's strongest convictions. Prince Albert refused the offer on the sufficient ground that the Queen's confidential adviser on all branches of administration could not without grave inconvenience become responsible for the conduct of a single department. He was wise or fortunate in evading the discussion of the graver question whether it was possible to reserve any part of the control of the army from the responsible Minister. More than a century

had passed since George II. told Sir Robert Walpole that he might bribe his rascals of the House of Commons with any other kind of patronage, but that he should not meddle with the army. Subsequent changes in the Constitution have been gradual, but they are large and irrevocable. It is not for the interest of the Crown to raise any issue between itself and the House of Commons. Prince Albert was perhaps mistaken in attributing exclusively to the character of his opponent the latent or avowed contest in which he was long engaged with Lord Palmerston. Mr. Martin has thought that he was bound to accept a challenge which, in his judgment, was offered by the publication of Mr. Evelyn Ashby's *Life of Lord Palmerston*. It might perhaps have been prudent on Mr. Ashby's part to withhold from publication for the present Lord Palmerston's mention of the Queen's Memorandum of August 1850 as "a paper written in anger by a lady as well as a Sovereign." The words were used when Lord Palmerston had been contumeliously dismissed from office, in explanation of his reasons for not answering more fully Lord John Russell's attack on his conduct of the Foreign Office. The Memorandum would have been more accurately described as severe and peremptory; but Lord Palmerston may perhaps have associated it with previous and subsequent communications in which Prince Albert was not careful to conceal his resentment and indignation. A few days after the receipt of the Memorandum, Lord Palmerston had an interview with Prince Albert, who confesses that he was almost moved by seeing that the famous and veteran statesman "was much agitated, shook, and had tears in his eyes," in consequence of the imputation of want of respect to the Queen. It appears from the conversation which ensued that Lord Palmerston's negligence in submitting his despatches to the Queen was not the only cause of difference, although it furnished a legitimate ground of complaint. "The Queen," said Prince Albert, "had often—I was sorry to say latterly almost invariably—differed from the line of policy pursued by Lord Palmerston." The Queen and the Prince had, with strict constitutional propriety, acquiesced in the adverse decisions of the Government; but Lord Palmerston may naturally have assumed that political antagonism had quickened the Prince's susceptibilities as to the technical conduct of business. Prince Albert illustrated his complaint by reference to the Protocol lately signed by England and the other Great Powers, with the exception of Prussia, by which the integrity of the Danish monarchy was guaranteed. The Queen, under the advice of the Prince, had disapproved of the Protocol, which had been followed by a Danish invasion of Schleswig. If the war extended to Holstein, it was probable that the Germans would interfere; and, on the other hand, Russia threatened to assist Denmark if the Schleswigers were successful. The Prince demanded to know what Lord Palmerston would do if Europe were engaged in war. It is difficult to understand how the uncertainty of the future could be the fault of Lord Palmerston, except because he and the Government had overruled the policy of the Crown. On the main question the Queen and the Prince were probably in the right; but then and long afterwards the anti-German conclusions of Lord Palmerston were shared by a vast majority of English politicians. Of those who still remember the Schleswig-Holstein controversy, only a few agree with Prince Albert that because Holstein was a part of the German Confederacy, and because Schleswig was united by treaties to Holstein, the claim of Denmark to sovereignty over both Duchies was a usurpation. The Ministers cannot but have remembered that the Prince was a German as well as an English patriot. Although their judgment may have been mistaken, Prince Albert would have been the first to admit that it must practically prevail. His extreme irritation against Lord Palmerston is proved by his correspondence long before and after the dismissal, of which he was the real author. The charge against the Prince himself of subserviency to foreign Courts was utterly baseless; but he seems to have had no sufficient ground for attributing its origin to Lord Palmerston. The most amiable and the most self-controlled of men sometimes make a solitary exception to their habitual kindness and candour. A statesman of the time who bore a strong moral and intellectual resemblance to Prince Albert, and who cordially admired him, habitually concentrated on one of his colleagues a dislike which he felt for no other human being. When Lord Palmerston asserted that he was the victim of a foreign conspiracy, he used figurative and exaggerated language; but the same opinion was expressed in almost equally strong language by the colleague and chief who immediately afterwards consented to be the instrument of his overthrow. In his speech in the great debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion in 1850, Lord John Russell elicited the cheers of his party by boasting that Lord Palmerston was not the Minister of Austria, or Russia, or of France, but the Minister of England. About a month afterwards Lord John Russell communicated to Lord Palmerston the Queen's reprobating Memorandum. The truth was that Lord Palmerston had with undue frankness remonstrated against the foolish and reactionary policy which was at that time pursued by nearly every Government in Europe. He was the bugbear of absolute sovereigns, and the idol of the Liberals of the Continent. Prince Albert's hostility to him was caused both by a belief in his imprudence, and by resentment on account of his monopoly of power in his own department. In the dispute on matters of form Prince Albert was wholly in the right; but the real issue was whether the Crown or the Foreign Minister should direct the policy of the Government. In substance Lord John Russell almost always agreed with Lord Palmerston, at the time when the Queen, or rather the Prince, habitually differed from his policy. The Prime Minister's concurrence with the Prince in dismissing Lord

Palmerston seems to have been wholly caused by discontent with the demeanour of his powerful and resolute colleague. Lord Palmerston's alleged want of respect to Her Majesty must be principally ascribed to his determination to persist in a policy which was supported by the Prime Minister and disapproved by the Court. When Lord Palmerston joined Lord Aberdeen's Government, the Prince continued to speak of him in unfriendly or sarcastic terms; but in a future volume Mr. Martin will probably be able to record the establishment of a better understanding between two of the ablest and most patriotic of statesmen.

The present instalment of the biography closes with the Prince's correspondence on the eve of the declaration of war against Russia. The younger generation, which perhaps derives its opinion from Mr. Bright's repeated eulogies of his own wisdom, may learn something of the true history of the quarrel from an authentic contemporary record. The insolent perfidy of Russia was then, as it perhaps may be now, encouraged by the suicidal complicity of Austria. In one of his letters Prince Albert informs Baron Stockmar that the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance between Austria and Russia had only been prevented by the refusal of the King of Prussia to join in the league. But a few months elapsed before Austria effectually checked Russian operations against European Turkey by a military occupation of the Danubian Principalities. Mr. Martin will probably care little for the temporary interest which attaches to a casual illustration of the political events of the day. The merits of his historical biography are of a higher and more lasting kind. The account of the conception and completion of the Exhibition of 1851 shows that the perfect success of the enterprise was not achieved without the exercise of wisdom and resolution to overcome innumerable obstacles. It is satisfactory to learn that the Prince himself, having practical objects in view, never shared the delusion that the Exhibition would exercise controlling influence over the warlike propensities of mankind. At all times he appears to have been exempt from the weakness of attaching excessive importance to passing transactions or events. From the first he had formed a just conception of the duties and opportunities of his exceptional position, and he steadily adhered to the scheme of life which he had deliberately formed. The burden of his public duties was as far as possible alleviated by a home in which he enjoyed and conferred uninterrupted happiness. The playfulness and the genuine appreciation of humour which he is well known to have possessed must be placed to his credit on the authority of a few contemporaries, which is confirmed by Mr. Martin's statement. It was not to be expected that he would exchange good stories in his correspondence with the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, or with the grave and didactic Stockmar. His unfailing goodness and the strength of his domestic affections are abundantly illustrated both by his own letters, and with less reticence by the testimony of one who was of all others the best qualified to form a judgment. Mr. Martin has discharged an arduous and delicate duty with admirable taste, with great ability, and with sound judgment; but perhaps the parts of the book which will excite the deepest interest are the graceful passages which he has been allowed to publish from the journals and correspondence of the Queen.

CENTRAL AFRICA.*

IT has of late been easily foreseen that Central Africa, as well as Central Asia, would be prolific of new books; and we should not be disinclined to welcome any record of adventures undertaken for a rational and practical object, and described in serious and simple language. But the present work is only redeemed by its subject-matter. It is pretentious and vain, and, while its author set out on his journey with slender resources, he has brought back insufficient results. From certain parts of his work we infer that he is of American parentage, with a dash of the Frenchman. He has been for several years an officer in the Egyptian army, and he informs us that he was appointed Chief of the Staff of his expedition at the special request of Colonel Gordon, though how the mission originated is not very clear. What is certain, however, is that Colonel Long was rash and inconsiderate enough to start from Khartoum without his supplies and baggage, an act which he mysteriously ascribes to "le sentiment du devoir." One would have thought that an officer of some years' standing might have considered that to imperil his credit and the lives of his followers by plunging into an unknown and hostile country without ample munitions could in no way be consistent with an officer's "duty." His companions and subordinates were not at all competent to supply lack of resources or numbers by individual energy and skill. He had, it is true, an escort of sixty men, commanded by a lieutenant, and three hundred negro porters from Fatiko; but the only associates on whom he could implicitly rely, were two black soldiers from the Soudanese corps, armed with Snider rifles and distinguished for endurance and devotion. A Berber cook turned out weak and worthless; an Alsatian valet, named Kellerman, was out of place anywhere but in a *gasthaus* or *café*; and a certain Ba Beker, a cross between a Malay and a negro, sent as a diplomat from the Court of Uganda, eventually showed himself a finished scoundrel. Still a good deal of country

was explored, and some results were attained. The author, in summing up the gains of his undertaking, takes credit for having explored some of the Victoria Nyanza lake, and for having set at rest all doubts about the connexion by river between that inland sea and the Albert Nyanza. In reality, he spent a very short time on the northern portion of the Victoria Nyanza, and made no valuable addition to the sum of our geographical knowledge in that quarter. His failure he ascribes to illness and to the machinations of the King of Uganda. These remarks apply still more to the Albert Nyanza. He never got within many miles of its eastern shore, and though he takes credit to himself for having indisputably established the connexion between the two lakes, we apprehend that there had previously been no doubt of the fact. However, he has collected some interesting facts about Lake Ibrahim, which he did visit. He was received by M'Tsé, the savage monarch of Uganda, with a ceremony which took the horrible shape of a slaughter of human victims in his honour. He beat off a numerous fleet of Keba Regis which threatened to surround and overpower him, and, after getting safe back to Gondokoro, he made a further expedition to the west of that settlement, as far as the country of the Makraka and the Niam-Nians, taking vengeance, by the aid of the latter, on a rival tribe, the Yanbari, who had murdered one of his Soudanese soldiers and wanted to bar his return.

Now all these incidents of travel, raid, retribution, fighting, and diplomacy may certainly furnish the material of an interesting work. But Colonel Long, with what he calls his crude language, is too much given to secondhand and trite quotations. He is careful to let us know that he can speak French, and that he has read *Childe Harold*, some of Shakspeare's plays, and Gray's *Elegy*; he makes Virgil responsible for an amazing reading of a line describing the tempest-tossed *Aeneas*; one or two of his experiences are simply repulsive, and might have been omitted without loss; and there is one picture of a fat native girl which is coarse and indecent. Further, we think all readers will be staggered by the variety and extent of the sicknesses which Colonel Long survived. He had feverish attacks from drinking filthy water. His lips were "bursting with fever." At one time his body was so swollen that he could scarcely get into his clothes. He went through jungles and marshes reeking with pestilential odours, and came out, at the end of his day's march, encased in putrid mud. Dysentery, caused by inadequate food badly cooked, supervened on fever. At one time, when deserted by his escort, he had a violent attack of "nephritic colic." Myriads of mosquitoes rendered life intolerable and sleep hopeless. At Fatiko he was seized with delirium, became blind and black in the face, and thought he was going mad, but cured himself by an outward application of mashed-up red pepper. It seems marvellous how he managed to escape the Guinea-worm, which attacks the negroes and often causes them a loss of limbs. But between hot days and cold nights, drenching rains and malarious exhalations, mud that seemed ready to swallow up his steed named Uganda, and matted grass that threatened to crush his steamer iceberg fashion, he passed a weary time, and the wonder is that he did not lay his bones in the desert. Either Colonel Long has unconsciously coloured and exaggerated the dangers of his journey, or else he is constituted quite differently from other men. If he was without medical aid and the febrifuge quinine, which indispensable adjunct of travelling in jungly paths we do not perceive in his list of stores and presents; if he had to encounter the *plumbus auster* of the jungles on water and flour made into a paste and green plantains; if he ran risks of sunstrokes by day and of severe chills by night, as he is careful to tell us, he ought, by all the precedents and warnings applicable to such cases, to have found a last resting-place on the banks of some stream full, as his illustrations show, of open-mouthed crocodiles and swaggering hippopotami, and have added one more name to the catalogue of martyrs in the cause of geography and civilization. We congratulate him that this is not so; we can readily overlook errors of fact and nomenclature, and do not at all mind his invention of such an adjective as "soggy," or his calling a certain Sheikh "an Afghanistan," or his ascribing his escape to the extraordinary intervention of what he terms a "vi superi." But the general style of the narrative, so far from being crude or naked, is verbose and windy; and we sadly miss the modest and manly simplicity that characterizes the *Walk Through Africa* of Colonel Grant, or the intelligent and scholarly observation with which officers of the Indian civil, military, and medical services have recorded their impressions of the populous bazaars of Yarkand or the howling steppes and ranges of Turkestan.

The description of M'Tsé, the ruler of Uganda, may probably lead some impulsive people to the conclusion, lately in fashion, that, in order to civilize Central Africa, potentates of this class must be got rid of across some convenient Bosphorus, "bag and baggage," or projected still further into the unknown South. So distinguished and accredited a traveller as Colonel Long could not be received without due honours, and we make out that thirty victims were despatched at one visit, and seven at another. After this horrible butchery, it is almost a consolation to read that the privilege of decapitating subjects is reserved to M'Tsé alone. His deputies are restricted, in the infliction of penalties, to cutting off the ears of offenders. Barring this indifference to life, the King of Uganda seems to have behaved with propriety, and was civil to his guest. He showed an appreciation of a galvanic battery, allowed Colonel Long to inspect his harem, manifested real interest in his guest's health, and, in short, was ready to do anything for him except

* *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People. An Account of Expeditions to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, &c.* By Colonel C. Chaillé Long. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

further his desire to reach the eastern shore of Lake Victoria. Even had the author been in the rudest health, instead of at death's door from repeated assaults of jungle fever, it is tolerably clear that he would not have been permitted to cross the Great Lake and return to Gondokoro by a new route. The products of the kingdom are stated to be Indian corn and sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, and the banana and the plantain, though in what exact respect these two differ we are not told. The skins of wild animals are tanned with delicacy and form articles of export; and the supply of ivory has not begun to fail, although the method of killing elephants by surrounding them, setting the grass on fire, and literally roasting the poor brutes alive, is about as wasteful, reckless, and inhuman a practice as it ever entered the heart of a savage or an Asiatic to devise.

Colonel Long's meeting with another potentate was very different. Keba Rega, the King of Unyoro, the person who attacked Sir S. Baker in 1872, sent a fleet to crush our traveller shortly after he had got clear out of Lake Ibrahim. The natives, numbering five hundred, came on in war-boats, and it is characteristic of Colonel Long's vanity and impetuosity that he threatened to shoot his faithful follower Abdul Rahman for the offence of being about to anticipate his commander in taking the life of one of the foes. Unconsciously, Colonel Long was acting on the principle that decided the combat in the *Lady of the Lake*, and gave victory to the side that "spills the foremost foeman's life." An explosive bullet disposed of the leader in the attack, and the lances of the savages were no match for arms of precision levelled behind a barricade of cases, with quickness and deadly aim. One boat, however, in the smoke and confusion, did get near enough to enable a savage to threaten Colonel Long with a lance; but the crew were all accounted for, though the author was hit on the nose with a pistol bullet by his own follower Adam, the cook, who seems to have been as awkward in fight as he was unskilled in the kitchen. We cannot say that the retribution was unmerited, as the assault was treacherous and unprovoked; and if eighty-two lives were taken on this occasion, the lesson may perhaps lead Keba Rega to abstain from such attempts on future travellers. The instigator of such treachery has, it seems, a rival in a certain Rionga, who is described as loyal and well affected to the Egyptian Government. How far this disposition is promoted by the hope of regaining his kingdom through foreign support, it is perhaps unnecessary to inquire. This was the last serious peril encountered by Colonel Long on his return trip from the South. We must now notice his second adventure in the country of the Niam-Niam. It appears that all intercourse with this tribe, which is friendly and inhabits a healthy tract, is impeded by the hostility of another tribe called the Yanbaris. Starting due west, in a vague hope that he might reach the shores of the Atlantic, Colonel Long found at first comparatively little opposition from the Yanbaris. But these savages subsequently cut down one of the escort that strayed from the column, and shot arrows during the night at the encampment, without apparently drawing blood or doing real harm. When the shelter of the friendly Niam-Niam was reached, it was resolved to give the rival Yanbaris a lesson. They had occupied a defile and showered arrows through the thick jungle; but such weapons were poor equivalents for Snider rifles and an elephant gun which dealt out explosive shells. The result was the defeat of the attacking party and the burning of twenty villages, with the capture of some women and children, who were subsequently released unharmed. Probably the only argument to which barbarous tribes will listen is that of a well-equipped and disciplined force; but it is uncomfortable to gather from the narrative that the gallant allies, the Niam-Niams, after the battle was over, roasted and devoured the bodies of their slain adversaries. It remains to be seen whether the moral effect of this victory will be sufficient to keep open the communication with a country rich in ivory, and occupied by a tribe the members of which are said to be ready to exchange their primitive coverings of bark for waist-clothes of European manufacture.

Though we cannot give Colonel Long the full credit which he claims as an African discoverer, and though we think his expedition was neither judiciously planned nor properly equipped, we agree that he has contributed something towards the solution of the equatorial problem. As he puts it, there are two great objects to be surmounted before the country can receive even the outward forms of civilization. One is the climate; the other is the character of the people. There are doubtless some tracts elevated enough to give that coolness at night which in tropical latitudes compensates for the heat of the day, and makes life just tolerable to Europeans. But we must own to serious misgivings as to the fitness of any region within certain limits on either side of the equator for what is called colonization, in the sense in which we apply that term to our Australian and Canadian dependencies. And, before those serene elevations can be reached, there are hot and unhealthy regions to be traversed. Low, marshy grounds, breadths of jungle grass and papyrus, a black soil converted by rain into tenacious paste, an air which wears out those who breathe it with consumption or racks them withague, dense thickets where a pathway must be cut at every step with a knife—these obstacles may not daunt a determined soldier, but they are very serious hindrances against an irruption of helpless settlers, either European or Asiatic. The native character is described in dark colours which we have no reason to think false. A savage and irresponsible despot makes treacherous, cruel, and false subjects; and we do not blame Colonel Long or any other pioneer for showing them

that half-a-dozen resolute Europeans can repel twenty times that number of barbarians. But we own to a feeling of doubt whether, in the interests of humanity, pioneering without ample forces is altogether justifiable. If the Khedive is as honest and as determined to put down the slave trade as Colonel Long makes him out to be, he should send expeditions, whether to Uganda or Unyoro, of such proportion and equipment as to convince savages that open attack or secret ambuscade would be equally hopeless. A couple of Englishmen or Frenchmen with a small escort merely invite aggression, though they may ultimately be able to defy it. We see no medium between the mission of the single traveller who unaided makes his way from tribe to tribe by adroitness and diplomacy, and the commander of a force sufficient to bear down all opposition without coming to blows. Detachments poorly supplied and indifferently organized, which make their way by pitting the friendship of one tribe against the hostility of another, may get to the shores of the Nyanza, but they must rely on having at some time to combat considerable odds, and to shoot down scores of their antagonists. We do not wish to depreciate the attempt of Colonel Long. He is neither a naturalist, nor a sportsman, nor an Arabic scholar; for his quotations in that language show that he has picked up his knowledge of it by ear, and not by critical study. We should recommend him to prune his style, to discard a habit of making quotations at second hand, and, when he next starts on a voyage of discovery, to pay a little more attention to the selection of his subordinates and the purchase of his stores. We shall not discuss the value of his assurances that his master, the Khedive, really has the abolition of the African slave trade at heart. The English conscience is not altogether satisfied on this head, and we can only hope that in any future narrative Colonel Long may have it in his power to adduce such evidence as shall set all reasonable doubt on the subject at rest.

MADCAP VIOLET.*

WE are sorry to record any dissatisfaction with the latest work of a writer who has given us so much pleasure as Mr. Black; but it must be confessed that, by the comparison which is inevitable between this and the most successful of his former books, *Madcap Violet* must lose. There was as much delight in reading the *Princess of Thule* or *The Three Feathers* as in walking over a moor on a bright day, or sailing down a loch with a fresh breeze; the joyousness of the narrative carried one so lightly on that faults in construction, or even weakness in character, were far less heeded than the exhilaration of the general effect. It was a relief to turn from the dreary and didactic novels which threatened to assume the first place among works of fiction, to the sunny clearness with which Mr. Black's *Three Feathers* ran its course like some bright and careless stream. In that book he avoided the appearance of hurried or ill-considered construction which often mars a novel that appears in numbers, and which interfered with the completeness as a work of art of the *Princess of Thule*. In *Madcap Violet* this fault reappears; the incidents upon which the narrative turns are utterly inadequate to the importance of the events which they cause. A misunderstanding between two people in love with each other, created and fostered with the best intentions by a third person, has been known to happen in real life, and has done much service in novel life. The fact of its being no new occurrence was perhaps no reason against Mr. Black's making use of it; indeed, if novelists were restricted to quite new inventions of incident, their business would necessarily come to a standstill. But a writer of Mr. Black's originality might surely have given a greater semblance of probability than he has done to the game at cross purposes which he makes his heroine and her lover play. Nor can it be said that in the character of Violet the author has been so successful as he was either with Sheila or with Wenna Rosewarne. Violet North does not strike one as being a very probable person, or at best a very agreeable one. Her character is not enough worked out to account for the extraordinary proceedings she affects, and the author fails to inspire in a reader the evident liking which he himself has for her. Again, the young man George Miller who plays an important part in the book is a mere name without anything consistent or intelligible behind it. To make up for these defects, the character of James Drummond is drawn with singular skill and reality.

Madcap Violet opens with a chapter which tells how Violet North, "a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, tall, and strikingly handsome in figure, with abundant masses of raven-black hair, dark eyes under darker eyelashes, and proud and well-cut lips," walked up to her schoolmistress's desk, amid great silence, and complained, with admirably polite satire, that "half an hour ago, when we were having our German conversation with Dr. Siedle, he made use of a very odd phrase, and I believe it was addressed to me. He said 'You devil!' I only wish to ask, Miss Main, whether we must be prepared to hear such phrases in the conversation of foreigners?" While Miss Main is out of the schoolroom, taking counsel with the German master whose impatience she can perfectly understand, Violet North assumes her schoolmistress's character and delivers a lecture to the girls which naturally ends in an uproar, after which Violet coolly wishes Miss Main good morning and goes for a walk. In the course of this walk, the end of which is the Crystal Palace, she is annoyed by a snapping

* *Madcap Violet*. By William Black, Author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "A Princess of Thule," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

terrier, and saved from her annoyance by a young gentleman of singularly attractive appearance, who afterwards turns up opposite to her at the table in the Crystal Palace restaurant, where she sits down to luncheon with great composure. They fall into conversation again on his observing the inattention of the waiters to her orders, and seeing that these are carried out:—

"I am very much obliged to you—again," she said, with something of an embarrassed smile. "I believed they meant to punish me for going away from school."

"From school?" said he, doubtfully; and he drew his chair a little nearer.

"Yes," said she, resolved at any cost to put herself right in his opinion. "I ought to have been at school. I—I walked away—and one gets hungry, you know. I—I thought it was better to come in here."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he; "why not?"

"I have always been left a good deal to myself," said this anxious young lady, leading up to her *grand coup*. "My father is always away looking after railways, and I dislike my stepmother, so that I am never at home. Of course you have heard of my father's name—Sir Acton North?"

Now she was satisfied. He would know she was not some giddy maid-servant out for a holiday. She uttered the words clearly, so that there should be no mistake, and perhaps a trifle proudly; then she waited for him to withdraw his chair again and resume his luncheon. But he did nothing of the sort.

"Oh yes," said he, with a respectful earnestness, "every one has heard of Sir Acton North. I am very pleased that—that I have been of any little service to you. I daresay, now, you have heard of my father too—George Miller?"

"No, I have not," she said, seriously, as though her ignorance of that distinguished name were a grave blot on her bringing up.

"Well, you know," said the handsome young man, meekly, "he is pretty well known as a merchant, but better known as a Protestant. He takes the chairs at meetings, and gives big subscriptions, and all that kind of thing. I believe the Pope can't sleep in his bed o' nights on account of him."

When, having refused further help from him, she makes her way to the railway station, he says, with an earnestness that surprises her, "I hope this is not the last time we shall meet;" and she, wondering a little what properly-conducted people would say of her adventures, "got out at Denmark Hill station, and placidly walked up to the house of Mr. James Drummond, which was situated near the top of Camberwell Grove."

Mr. Drummond, a tall, ill-built man, with irregular features and fine eyes, and his sister, Mrs. Warrener, receive the runaway without much astonishment, being more or less used to her ways; and next morning James Drummond, who is about the only person of whom Violet has any awe, goes to make her peace with Miss Main. Mr. Drummond is a person of a "bright and sparkling human individuality, the thousand facets of which could never be seen at once and from the same standpoint. . . . He had a sort of profession—that is to say, he occasionally wrote articles for this or that learned review." But his caprices were apt to vex the most indulgent editors. "No one could guess what view of a particular book or question he might not take at a moment's notice." If he had not been afflicted with a competence of 600*l.* a year, or if he had had any extravagant tastes, perhaps his caprices might have given way to steady work. Such as he was, however, he was Violet's greatest friend.

When Violet gets back to school, she sets to work at a romantic novel, of which pieces are quoted, concerning her adventure at the Crystal Palace; and soon after that she falls in again with George Miller, whom one day, when she meets him out walking, she introduces to Mrs. Warrener. Then the story of their acquaintance comes out; and Violet is fired by her friends' very gentle remonstrances to resolve on spending a day with George Miller, an object which she accomplishes by a careful piece of deception practised on Miss Main. Accordingly she and the young man drive together to Hampton Court, and have luncheon there with much content; but after luncheon she begins to cry, and resolves, with unwonted wisdom, to go and tell her father what she has done. This she does, and moreover persuades her father to take her out with him to Canada, whither railway business calls him. While she is away various things occur. George Miller manages to make friends with Drummond, whom he loves to entertain at his club, the Judeum, where Drummond, content to "sit and listen to the young man," is accustomed to reply to him with gentle satire. Drummond meanwhile has completed his scheme for a great work to which he means to devote the winter. Such schemes had been often contemplated before, and had ended by dwindling into a magazine article. This one, however, he is determined to carry through, and he submits it in outline to a publisher whom he knows:—

The publisher's face grew more and more puzzled as he looked at the following title and table of contents:—

ON A PROPOSAL TO WHITEWASH THE OUTSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sub-Head 1.—*The General Properties and History of Whitewash.*

Section I. On Expiatory Punishments.

Section II. Remarks on Modern Estimates of Judas Iscariot, Nero, Henry VIII., and Torquemada.

Section III. Whitecross-street.

Section IV. On those retrospective marriage laws which clear the character of illegitimate children.

Section V. On tombstone inscriptions.

Sub-Head 2.—*The Interior of Westminster Abbey.*

Section I. On Exploded Reputations.

Section II. Three questions propounded: (1) Is it possible for the disembodied spirit to be present at the funeral of his own body? (2) Is it possible for a disembodied spirit to blush? (3) Is it probable that, on several occasions, disembodied spirits may have been present in Westminster Abbey, and blushed to find their own bodies being buried there?

Section III. On the Dean of Westminster as a collector of curiosities.

Section IV. On the possibility of a Dean of Westminster becoming possessed of the evil eye, and therefore able to secure celebrities for his collection before the proper time.

Section V. A proposal for a Junior Westminster Abbey: the occupants of the present Abbey to retire by rotation: vacancies to be filled up from the junior.

The publisher got no further than that. His brain was in a whirl, and he sought safety by getting back to the initial point of his perplexity.

The publisher sees nothing in the scheme but an attempt to make a joke about Westminster Abbey—an outrage not to be dreamt of—and Drummond consoles himself after the interview by wishing that all the publishers were buried in the Abbey, and that he had to write an inscription over their common tomb. Violet comes back, her stepmother gives a fancy ball, to which, by her request, George Miller comes in the character of Romeo, to find her attired as Juliet. This he not unnaturally takes for encouragement, and asks her to marry him, but obtains nothing beyond "leave to hope," an answer of which the caution in a girl of Violet's outrageously impulsive character is remarkable.

In the second volume, Violet, having quarrelled with her stepmother, goes to Scotland with Mrs. Warrener and her daughter and Mr. Drummond. In the yachting and shooting excursions upon which they go Mr. Black finds an opportunity for returning again to the subject which he treated with infinite charm in the *Princess of Thule*. Much of this charm is found in the Scotch scenes here introduced; but these scenes appear like an episode unskillfully brought in. One gets the impression that Mr. Black, having set himself to write a certain story unlike what he had written before, found that he could not mould it to the shape he wished, and turned willingly from the new course he had proposed to the scenes which he loves and has made others love. It is during the yacht voyage undertaken from "Castle Bandbox," during which the party is joined by George Miller, that the misunderstandings already spoken of arise. To Miller, who presses Violet to marry him, and on her refusal charges her with loving Drummond, Violet avows her love in a burst of passionate pride. Miller in a sulky fashion reports what he has heard to Drummond, who, doubtless much, discovers from Violet herself that it is true; and here one would think are two loving hearts.

But this is only towards the end of the second volume, and a third has to be supplied through the well-meant but disastrous machinations of Mrs. Warrener, who chooses to think that Violet is really in love with Miller, and has rejected him only in a moment of pique. Accordingly she tells Violet she is mistaken about Drummond, and her brother that he is mistaken about Violet; and strangely enough both accept what she says as the truth without making one effort, in spite of many opportunities, to gain confirmation or denial of it from each other. This is the beginning of a mass of improbabilities which run through the third volume, and culminate in a singularly commonplace attempt at a tragic ending. Violet takes measures to persuade her friends and relations that she is drowned, and then finds a kind of clerk's place in a great decorating shop in London, kept by Messrs. Dowse and Son. Dowse the son is a happily conceived character. He is an impressionable and imaginative young man, with a weak and nebulous brain. Violet has been persuaded by Mrs. Dowse to spend her holiday at their house in the country, and after dinner has sung a stirring Scotch ballad, which rouses young Mr. Dowse to an attempt at producing himself a strong and stirring piece of poetry. Helped by a bottle of claret and a box of cigars, he sits down to his desk and writes:—

Stand up, my lads!—I give to-day
The heroes' bold of Tanquray!
Be they in heaven, or down in hell,
Or living still, I cannot tell;
What matters it? Up, and give a drain
To heroes living and heroes slain!
And deepest of all to those, I say,
Who fought like fiends at Tanquray!

Such humorous touches as this are, however, rare in the dreary conclusion which Mr. Black has put to his latest novel. It would be surprising to find a book by Mr. Black in which there were not many passages of beautiful description and clever touches of character; but it is possible for the most accomplished writer to wear a particular subject threadbare, and there seems some danger of Mr. Black's clinging too much to Scotch scenery and people. In *Madcap Violet* he has, as we have said, drawn one character—that of James Drummond—admirably; but, as a whole, judged by what one expects from the writer, we are afraid the book must be pronounced disappointing.

COLCHESTER CASTLE.*

IT was, we think, King Pyrrhus who, seeing that, as fast as he beat one Roman army, another arose to meet him, asked, "Am I fighting with the hydra?" So we feel ourselves fighting with the hydra when, after our struggles with the "Bible-Earth" and the *Standard of Israel*, we find ourselves face to face with *Colchester Castle, a Roman Building*. Truly, as we crush—in our belief at least—one head of the demon of craziness, two new ones spring up instead. Perhaps it is that we go forth to battle alone, and forget to take with us an Iolaus, a faithful thane, to sever the necks as we crush the heads. Anyhow, each month, each week,

* *Colchester Castle a Roman Building, and the Oldest and Noblest Monument of the Romans in Britain.* By George Buckler. Colchester: Beaumont & Harrison. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1876.

supplies new matter for Mr. Caxton, new chapters for the History of Human Error. Still there are degrees even in toil and bondage; if we must believe one or the other, we would rather believe that Colchester Castle is a Roman building than that all the inhabitants of Britain are Ephraimites. There were Romans in Britain, and they did build some things; and the difference between truth and falsehood is in this case only about a thousand years. Moreover, as we called on Angle and Saxon, Briton, Pict, and Scot, to join together to reject the Ephraimite pedigree, we may call in the Roman to help us also. Anyhow, Claudius or Eudo Dapifer, first century or twelfth, the castle is the work of Aryan hands, and that, in days of Semitic inroad, goes for something. Our only fear is lest our Roman allies might have failed in the great test, and might have been themselves convicted of Ephraimism. We can say Shibboleth; so, we have no doubt, could Eudo Dapifer; we are not at all clear whether Claudius Caesar could have framed to pronounce it right, and whether he might not have been caught saying Sibboleth. This last fear, however, we wish to be taken as a theatrical aside. Tell it not in Gath; with a nearer approach to geographical propriety, let none go forth to tell it in Jezreel. As an aside too we would count one small confession. We thought that we had this slight advantage in the new struggle, that no one could think that to believe that Colchester Castle was the Temple of Claudius could in any case lead to his soul's health, while many might draw much spiritual comfort from the thought that the prophet Jeremiah visited Ireland. Then we remembered that Claudius is mentioned in the New Testament, and that he might therefore claim to rank as a Scripture character, at least on the same level as Cain and Pontius Pilate. Next we were a little strengthened by the thought that the chief act recorded of him in the New Testament is that he commanded all Jews to depart from Rome; but our satisfaction was dashed by the thought that some of the banished might possibly have found their way to Britain. On the whole, we must allow that the Claudian craze is one degree less mad than the Ephraimite craze. That there once was a temple of Claudius at Colchester no man can doubt. That Danites landed in Ireland and Ephraimites in Britain is, to say the least, open to the gravest doubt. To say that the Claudian temple is still standing at Colchester is therefore one degree less frantic than to say that the present inhabitants of Britain belong to the tribe of Joseph.

Still the question comes, Is the point worth arguing, or is the craze simply to be put on record? After some thought we have concluded that the latter is the right course. No amount of argument could convince the author of the craze, while no argument is needed by any one who has not taken leave of his senses. There are in the world a great many Norman castles and not a few Roman temples. And those who have seen any of either class with their eyes open know that Colchester Castle belongs to the same class as Rochester and the White Tower, not to the same class as the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes and the Temple of Augustus at Pola. But it seems that a clergyman named Jenkins in the neighbourhood of Colchester, one seemingly of the old school of local antiquaries, got it into his head that the castle was the Temple of Claudius. Whether Mr. Jenkins had ever been anywhere or seen anything does not appear; in the large extracts from his writings quoted in the present little book he does not compare Colchester Castle with any other building in Britain or elsewhere, save only the White Tower. Now, when a craze of this kind is once set going by a local oracle, it is wonderful how it sticks. Mr. Jenkins seems to be locally put almost on a level with Claudius himself; the present book is dedicated to his memory. We know nothing of Mr. Jenkins but what Mr. Buckler tells us; but long experience enables us to picture him to ourselves, as most neighbourhoods have a man of the same kind. As Mr. Parker truly said within the walls of the Castle, the craze was quite pardonable in Mr. Jenkins a generation or more back; it is not pardonable in Mr. Buckler now. We know nothing of Mr. George Buckler personally; but he bears a name of fair architectural repute, and we are sure that some of its past and present bearers would scout the nonsense of their namesake. But Mr. George Buckler seems to have come within the local influence of Mr. Jenkins. When Jenkins is hierophant, Buckler will be *δροῦχος* in the worship of the local idol. After all, it appears that the craze was not one of Mr. Jenkins's own dreaming. It comes from General Roy and other antiquaries of the last century. Morant, the local historian of the same age, had better eyes or more sense. He, in Mr. Jenkins's words, "introduced a theory, novel and palpably absurd, that the Castle, as it now stands, was built after the Norman Conquest by Eudo Dapifer." This effort of reason in a dark age Mr. Jenkins calls "a strange hallucination." So the victims of "hallucinations" often believe that they alone are sane and that the rest of the world labours under "hallucinations." In short,

*τις οἶδεν εἰ τὸ Κύν μέν ἐστι κατθαύειν,
τὸ κατθαύειν δὲ Κύν;*

We said just now that the only other building with which Mr. Jenkins compares Colchester Castle is the White Tower of London. That is to say, he thought that the White Tower was Roman too. Mr. Buckler too has a great deal to tell us about Cnut and Eadric, and goes about to prove, what every one knows, that Gundulf did not build the present Castle of Rochester. The way in which Mr. Buckler argues about these matters may throw some light on his qualifications to judge about Colchester. He is now talking about the White Tower:—

The building is one which our oldest antiquaries, and among them Leland

and Camden, considered to be Roman, which Stukeley delineated as an *Arx Palatina*, which Henry of Huntingdon (a Norman, born 1095) described as a tower with battlements in the days of Canute, which Fitzstephen (a Norman) called an *Arx Palatina*, and which Holinshed said Vortigern (in the fifth century) furnished with a strong garrison of men.

It is the principal feature, an integral fortress within the Tower of London. In the Twelfth century it was known that there was a Tower in this locality during the Saxon period, and that Canute ordered Edric to be decapitated and his head placed on the Tower which was, when the tide rose, washed by the Thames. Learned men of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries termed it *Cesar's Tower*; and in the present century good authorities have assigned to it a higher antiquity than the Norman period.

Mr. Buckler is seemingly of the class to whom a book is a book, with whom Stukeley goes for as much as a contemporary writer, and who cannot even understand the meaning of really trustworthy writers of our own time. Mr. Buckler goes to Henry of Huntingdon in a crib. What he may be made to say in the crib we do not know. In his own text he says nothing whatever of what Mr. Buckler makes him say. His words simply are, "Jussit eum excipitari, et caput in stipite super celsiore Londonis turri figi." No doubt London had towers of some kind in Cnut's time and long before; William Fitzstephen, for whom Mr. Buckler sends us to Stow, enlarges on the many towers of London. But it is hard to see why, taking Henry of Huntingdon's words in the most literal sense, the tower that was highest in Cnut's time should be the same as the tower which is recorded to have been built in William's time; and it is hard to see what there is in Henry of Huntingdon's account about battlements, unless Mr. Buckler or the author of his crib translated "stipite" by battlement. Mr. Buckler would do well not to meddle with Eadric or his head or the pole on which his head was stuck, till he has got beyond the stage of quoting Henry of Huntingdon from a crib, and of going to Stow for his references to William Fitzstephen. In another place Mr. Buckler says that "in *Old London* (Murray, 1867) the White Tower is mentioned as *Cesar's Tower*." Except that we know how many people there are who cannot understand what they read, and who have not the least notion how to quote, we should have thought that this was an attempt to represent Mr. Clark and Mr. Burt, the authors of the two papers in *Old London* to which Mr. Buckler refers, as partakers in the nonsense of himself and Mr. Jenkins. It is a kind of insult either to Mr. Clark or Mr. Burt to tell anybody that they do nothing of the kind which Mr. Buckler implies. Still any one who chances to have got hold of Mr. Buckler's book will do well to make Mr. Buckler's references to *Old London*, just to see what some people's notions of quotation and reference are. We read presently:—

On the authority of Sir Christopher Wren the chapel is older than the Conquest, and so Romanesque are its few architectural features that Archaeologists, failing to find the usual Norman ornaments, describe its details in terms appertaining to classical architecture, such as Ionic and Corinthian; and further, in order to uphold the foregone conclusion that the White Tower is a Norman building, attention is diverted by pronouncing the chapel to be the earliest and simplest, as well as the most complete, Norman chapel in Britain, apparently forgetting that the chapel in Colchester Castle is still more simple in its design.

We gather from one or two incidental passages that Mr. Buckler is an architect; it would seem from this that he does not understand the simplest facts in the historical nomenclature of his art. What should the features of an early Norman building be but Romanesque? And what does Mr. Buckler find in the Chapel of the White Tower except the usual forms of an early Norman building? What is at all unusual about it is not the details, but the plan, a plan evidently dictated by the necessities of the building. Then again:—

The description of the White Tower as having been washed by the Thames in the time of the Anglo-Saxons is not to be disregarded. Fitzstephen said that London had been walled on the south side, "but the ebbing and flowing of the tide had washed away, worn, and cast down the wall."

We do not profess to know the chronological limits of "the time of the Anglo-Saxons"; but it is certain that William Fitzstephen says nothing about the White Tower being washed by the Thames at any time.

It would seem also that Mr. Buckler has as little knowledge of Roman temples as he has of Norman castles. Here is a curious passage:—

The apse did not enter into the design of Norman keeps, but it is a conspicuous feature in the Roman Temples of Peace, Venus, Rome, Mars, Citor, and Remus; a fact which goes far to prove that Colchester and London are Roman Temples.

Here we must hand over Mr. Buckler to the secular arm in the person of Mr. Parker. It seems that there is a man calling himself an architect who believes that the apse of the basilica of Constantine was part of a Temple of Peace. For the rest, it is possible that some printer's love of commas may have turned Mr. Buckler's text into even greater nonsense than he wrote; but, even if we correct him so far as to read "Venus and Rome," Mr. Buckler has still rushed with his eyes open into very dangerous quarters. He has chosen to meet his fate at the point of junction of the Forum and the Via Sacra, and we will leave it to the special guardian of those regions to do for him on that appropriate spot.

We must go back for a moment from the *δροῦχος* to the original hierophant. Here is a specimen of the oracle Jenkins in his own words. He has first asserted that the Norman castle is a Roman temple, and has talked some appropriate nonsense about "adytum" and "podium"; he then goes on to say:—

At the beginning of the Fourth century, when Constantine summoned three British Bishops to the Council of Arles, the city of which Adelphius (one of the three bishops) was Diocesan, has been shown to have been Colchester, and his cathedral must have been the former temple of Claudius.

"Must is for the King," we used to be told; in this case it is for the Emperor; for "this glorious conversion was effected under the Imperial patronage of Helena and her son Constantine the Great. And from that time, and on that account, their names have been handed down in connexion with the Castle." Geoffrey of Monmouth would, one would have thought, have been just in the line of Mr. Jenkins. But Geoffrey himself was not so far gone as to say that a castle whose building he might perhaps himself have remembered was a work of the days of Claudius. Geoffrey has his legend of Coel and Helen, but he has nothing to say about the Castle. So Mr. Jenkins is angry with him, and says that, "in furtherance of his monkish views, he ignored the Cathedral, and indeed all the history of the Castle previous to his own time." Every one who knows either Domesday in general or the special history of Colchester knows that there is no mention of the Castle in Domesday—an argument which goes very far indeed to prove that the Castle is later than Domesday. But Mr. Jenkins would have it that the Castle must be mentioned there; so, having determined the Castle to be a church, and finding the mention of certain churches in Domesday, he rules that one of them must be the Castle:—

The next authentic mention of the Castle is in *Domesday*, where it retains its Ecclesiastical character though in a subordinate degree, and is called a Church. We there read that in the time of King Edward it belonged to Godric, a great Saxon Thane, together with a large quantity of land at and around the town, which land had pertained in succession to the Glebe of the Temple and to the Cathedral. The property of Godric at his death was divided into four parts; the Conqueror seized and appropriated to himself two of the parts; one part he gave to John Fitz-Waleram and one part to Earl Eustace. In Eustace's part, and within the town of Colchester, stood the whole Church, that is the building and its walled close or peribolos. Soon afterwards, on a threatened invasion of the Danes, Earl Eustace fortified the Church, and in order to accommodate a garrison, encompassed eight acres around it with a wall.

To obliterate all remembrance of the desecration of the Church, the Norman writers soon afterwards changed its name to that of Tower.

All this, as far as concerns the Castle, is as pure romance as *Ivanhoe*. Godric, like a great many other people in Domesday, had a church—that is, the advowson of a church. In the division of his property the whole advowson ("tota ecclesia") passed to Count Eustace. It was needless to mention this, because the advowson was often divided like other property, and many a man got, not "totam ecclesiam," but only "tertium partem ecclesie." Out of this common Domesday phrase Mr. Jenkins built up his whole pile of fiction.

Would Mr. Clark think, would Mr. Hartshorne have thought, men who write this kind of stuff worthy of serious refutation? We guess not. Still, if there comes an order either from Mr. Clark or from Mr. Hartshorne's ghost to tell us to undertake the task, we will begin. Till then we can only send Mr. Buckler to divide the Bible-Earth with the tribe of Dan, and to reproduce the Temple of Venus and Rome in a building with two apses back to back to commemorate the kindred memories of Claudius and Jenkins.

THE AMPÈRE CORRESPONDENCE.*

(Second Notice)

THE separation between André Ampère and his second wife was final. After it he resumed the course of his scientific labours and kept up his correspondence with his friends. There are passages from time to time in the letters which reveal a substratum of unhappiness beneath the activity of the surface, but the strength necessary for intellectual toil had not deserted him, and he was now perfectly capable of taking an interest in many different things. He set his heart on being *membre de l'Institut*, and with this purpose in view applied himself resolutely to mathematics. This was the harder for him that his mind, if left to itself, would now have been running entirely upon chemistry. He was elected, as we learn from Bredin's journal of the 3rd of December, 1814:—

Ampère est parvenu au but qu'il voulait atteindre: le voilà membre de l'Institut; il a été nommé au premier tour du scrutin. Ceux qui ne le connaissent pas bien peuvent croire qu'il se trouve très-heureux aujourd'hui; ils se trompent. Personne au monde ne souhaite aussi ardemment que lui; mais, hélas! rien n'est plus disproportionné que le plaisir qu'il éprouve en voyant l'accomplissement de ses désirs et le chagrin que lui cause une espérance déçue ou seulement différée. Le voilà arrivé à la plus considérable dignité que puisse obtenir un savant.

Parmi tous les hommes dont il est à présent le collègue, il n'est pas un cerveau plus vaste et plus puissant que le sien. Les plus complètes difficultés scientifiques sont un jeu pour André; les hauteurs que tant d'autres essayent péniblement de gravir se trouvent naturellement à sa portée; il les franchit sans le moindre effort, même sans travail apparent. La pensée du succès ne le tourmente jamais un instant. Il aime la science bien purement, bien pour elle; personne ne met autant d'idées en circulation par ses conversations et par ses discussions. C'est là tout ce qui lui plaît.

These were the opinions of a friend and contemporary. Nearly sixty years afterwards the distinguished mathematician M. Bertrand estimated, in a remarkable page of criticism, the work of Ampère's life:—

Ampère a fait en physique une des plus grandes découvertes du siècle, celle des actions électro-dynamiques, et par là, bien plus que par l'idée du télégraphe électrique, il a pris rang à côté d'Ersted. La place est glorieuse assurément, mais Ampère en a mérité une bien plus haute encore: c'est à Newton, tout au moins, qu'il faut le comparer. Les phénomènes complexes et en apparence inextricables de l'action de deux courants ont été analysés par lui et réduits à une loi élémentaire à laquelle cinquante ans de travaux et de progrès n'ont pas changé une seule syllabe.

* André-Marie Ampère et Jean-Jacques Ampère. Correspondance et souvenirs de 1805 à 1864. Recueillis par Madame H. C. Paris: Hetzel.

Le livre d'Ampère est aujourd'hui encore l'œuvre la plus admirable produite dans la physique mathématique depuis le livre *Des Principes*. Jamais plus beau problème ne s'est rencontré sur la voie d'un plus grand génie. Par un bonheur bien rare dans l'histoire des sciences, tout ici appartient à Ampère. Le phénomène entièrement nouveau qu'il a deviné, c'est lui qui l'a observé le premier, c'est lui seul qui en a varié les circonstances pour en déduire les expériences si élégantes qui servent de base à la théorie, lui seul enfin qui, avec un rare bonheur, a exécuté tous les calculs et inventé toutes les démonstrations.

The activity of Ampère's mind was not, however, limited to physical science; he applied it just as easily to erudition, and the very facility with which he acquired whatever he chose to learn may have been at the same time fortunate and unfortunate in its influence upon his son, for it may have been one of the determining causes of the variety of his attainments, and of his incapacity to remain faithful to a limited range of study. The elder Ampère wrote to Ballanche:—

Il te suffirait de travailler trois mois à l'étude de l'hébreu pour le savoir; tout, en effet, se réduit à mettre dans sa mémoire les caractères, la conjugaison, les racines, et un nombre de mots très-bonnes.

Another subject besides languages occupied very much of his attention. His mind was intensely theological, so that at the very time when he was making his most brilliant discoveries in science, he was going through theological studies which might have qualified him for the priesthood in the Church of Rome. In the year 1817 he seems to have completely overcome the doubts which beset him earlier, and at least from that date we find him an enthusiastic and unquestioning Roman Catholic. He speaks of "mixed opinions" as much more offensive to reason than the entire faith of the Catholic Church. He has the proper orthodox contempt for the 250 Protestant sects, "sectes toutes pleines de cet orgueilleux sentiment que chacune d'elles a seule la vérité," not remembering for the moment that the Church of Rome has the same "orgueilleux sentiment" in still greater intensity. A Frenchman in Ampère's position always naturally feels that he has to choose between absolute faith in the Church of Rome and the light of human reason, but the scientific Frenchman generally prefers the latter. By a sort of mental polarity all the religious sentiments fly to one pole, and all the scientific activities to the other, so that there is no intermediate region of religion modified by criticism. The mental process by which Ampère recovered and maintained his faith as a Roman Catholic seems to have been in reality little else than a vigorous rebound from the strain of the reasoning faculties which he used so vigorously in science. This reaction, which in one form or another seems necessary to mental health, carries some men into poetical reading, or to a love of music or pictures; but we can easily imagine that Romanism, for any one who can persuade himself to believe it, supplies the need even more perfectly than any single fine art, for it includes the whole of the fine arts. Ampère was most anxious that Bredin should believe as he did, and find a suitable confessor. Bredin gave great pain to Ampère by believing that the true Church had often existed outside of Rome, and not always inside it. The letter in which he says this "changed into a sea of bitterness the sweet peace" with which Ampère had been filled the same morning when he heard from his confessor the holy words "Amplius lava me ab iniuste mea, et a peccato mundo me." He quotes in this way little bits of ecclesiastical Latin, and is full of fervour and unction about the state of Bredin's soul. The latter hesitates about choosing a confessor, so Ampère writes to him:—

Tu avais pourtant été appelé comme moi à ce tribunal de miséricorde. Tu avais déjà songé au choix d'un prêtre; mais ces paroles, *Time Jesus transuertem et nunquam regredientem*, n'ont pas retenti à ton oreille; tu as hésité, tu as différé, et Jésus-Christ a passé. Cette pensée m'accable. Es-tu catholique dans le sens où j'entends ce mot, ou te séparent-tu de cette unique église, organe de toute vérité sur la terre?

Ampère's grief about his friend's hesitations exhibits theological feeling in the utmost intensity. He is "ceaselessly troubled" about Bredin's state of mind:—

Cher ami, ta manière de voir actuelle me trouble sans cesse. Je pense que tant d'admirables sentiments, tant de sacrifices, de prières, sont perdus en toi, qu'une affreuse illusion t'empêche d'ouvrir les yeux aux lumières de l'Évangile confié à l'Eglise Catholique.

In the same letter Ampère says that he has desired but one thing—namely, to die before Bredin, that he might intercede for him more efficaciously; so oppressive for him is the idea that Bredin's sins cannot be wiped out on account of his want of faith. It is impossible to have stronger religious sentiments than these; indeed they were so strong as to compromise Ampère's own happiness by keeping him in a state of painful anxiety about the religious condition of his friends. To the close of his life the elder Ampère thought and felt too keenly for the tranquillity which is necessary to real happiness in this world. The strength of his intellectual action was accompanied by a corresponding intensity of feeling, which exhibited itself in his devoted love for his first wife, and the dreadful void left by her loss—a void which no other woman could fill—in the lively and continuous interest which he took in his friends, and in his veneration for the Church of Rome. His nature was not full of sap in one part and dried up in another; it was vigorous all round. With the intellect of a great scientific discoverer he had the affections of a poet and the piety of a saint.

His son, Jean-Jacques, though highly gifted and certainly one of the most brilliant men born in France during the nineteenth century, had much less in him of the qualities which lead to greatness. His chief characteristic was an intellectual curiosity which would pursue a subject up to a certain point, and then, the first craving

satisfied, would leave it very willingly for another at the very moment when all the most troublesome difficulties were overcome. He had a fine courage; he did not leave a study from anything like fear of it, and he was prodigal of labour; but his mental nature seems to have been so constituted that, when he had taken great pains to learn something, he was not so much disposed to make use of what he had learned as to set about learning something else. Thus it happened that there was an utter want of concentration in his labours. The number of things which he mastered up to a certain point is surprising, even in an age like ours, when students are compelled to attempt so much. He was a great polyglot; he spoke all the principal modern languages, and studied some Oriental ones, including the impossible Chinese. His labours in science seem to have been by no means inconsiderable for one who did not devote himself to scientific work entirely. As an historian and archaeologist, he went through labours of real importance, especially with reference to ancient Rome. As a traveller, without attempting to win notoriety by making geographical discoveries, he really saw more of the world, and especially of mankind, than many who are more specially travellers than he was. His intense and peculiar affection for Rome drew him to that city many times, but he also found opportunities for excursions to many different countries. He knew Germany and its cultivated inhabitants so well that certain towns there were like home to him; in the West he knew Great Britain and the United States; in the East Turkey; in the North Sweden; in the South Spain, Greece, and Egypt. His pluck as a traveller was wonderful. He revisits Rome and Naples once in the month of August merely to show them to a friend, and then goes to Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. Whilst in Greece he undertakes a piece of literary work on Greek poetry which involves a good deal of reading, though he is on horseback for a fortnight at a time, without using such a thing as a table, a bed, or even a chair. In Egypt, where of course he must needs decipher hieroglyphics, he determines to get to certain ancient tombs in the desert at any cost, and, being now weakened by dysentery, he has himself tied to his camel and his body anointed with laudanum, with which precautions he is carried across the burning plain. By way of consoling him his doctor said that in Egypt dysentery was rarely curable; but that, on the whole, life was not particularly worth having, and that it was much easier to get out of it than was generally believed. The consequences of this bit of traveller's heroism were fifteen months of suffering. On his return to Paris he was an invalid confined to his room. Part of the time was passed at the Château de Mouchy, where J.-J. Ampère was always treated with a delicate and affectionate friendliness, and cared for by two intelligent ladies, the Viscountess de Noailles, and her daughter the Duchess de Mouchy.

The story of J.-J. Ampère's affection for Mme. Récamier occupies a large portion of these volumes, and he constantly wrote to her when on his travels; but the reader who cares to know all about it should first read the *Correspondance Intime* of Mme. Récamier herself, which was published by Lévy in 1872. The relation between this lady and the younger Ampère is certainly one of the most remarkable, both for the steadiness of its continuity and the length of its duration, in the history of friendships between persons of different sexes. It began in passionate love on Ampère's part, dating from the first time he saw her, on the 1st of January, 1820. He was not yet twenty years old, having been born in August 1800; Mme. Récamier was twenty-three years older. It is a curious fact that Mme. Récamier was not only old enough to be young Ampère's mother, but really was exactly a contemporary of hers, having been born in the same year, the same town, and almost in the same month. The idea of a man falling in love with a woman old enough to be his mother seems absurd in itself, but a stranger thing still is that the sentiment, at least in a milder form, should have survived to the close of life. There is no reason to suppose that the relation between the two persons was immoral, unless an affectionate friendship is to be so considered when the parties to it are not of the same sex, and there are insuperable obstacles to their marriage. Mme. Récamier's character and conduct were very original and peculiar; but although they may be uncharitably interpreted, they may also be easily explained without imputing to her anything like vice. Entirely neglected by her husband, to whom she had been given by her parents almost in childhood, she found a satisfaction for her *amour-propre*, and opportunities for the exercise of her remarkable influence over others, in becoming the queen of a little circle which was composed of men of very high culture indeed. These men looked to her approbation as their best encouragement, and she managed them with such tact and skill that they had towards each other the sympathetic feelings of fellow-worshippers rather than the jealousy of rival lovers. Having no children of her own, Mme. Récamier may have looked upon young Ampère almost maternally. We know that he preserved a boyish appearance long, for his beard grew late. At nineteen and a half he must have seemed only a boy to a woman of forty-three. She calmed his youthful passion by treating him with steady kindness, and as he grew older she so managed him that affection succeeded to passion, an affection so strong and permanent that it lasted till she died. This may be explained perhaps, in part, by the early death of J.-J. Ampère's mother, who left him in his infancy. The maternal interest which Mme. Récamier took in his intellectual progress was always one great element of her influence over him, and it is possible that, if his mother had lived, she would have given the feminine sympathy which he needed, so that he would not have sought it elsewhere. In real life such strong attachments are very rare.

So long as Mme. Récamier lived, J.-J. Ampère could be happy only whilst he got what he considered a fair share of her society and attention. If he happened to be in the same town with her, he would spend every evening in her drawing-room amongst the other guests who formed her little court, and when his studies and travels took him to a distance, he literally lived upon her letters, for without them he always became miserable and incapable of work. The influence which she exercised over him would have been disastrous if the early passionate state of his mind had continued for very long; but, as she contrived to establish the relation between them, it seems to have done him more good than harm, except in preventing him from setting his affections on some younger lady whom he might have married. Mme. Récamier was evidently much idealized in J.-J. Ampère's imagination, and to him she represented a sort of goddess, ever ready to encourage with her approval and reward with her kindness whatever efforts he might be able to make in the direction of manly work or elevating sentiment. The letters of Mme. Récamier herself seem to us, at this distance of time, somewhat commonplace. They are the letters of a well-bred woman of the world, who could appreciate good society and who entirely belonged to it, but they certainly give no evidence of any exceptional intelligence, and even the expressions of feeling which they contain seem as if they had often been suggested by the reflection that the receiver of the letter would expect something of the kind and ought not to be disappointed. There is incomparably more heart and soul in J.-J. Ampère's letters to Mme. Récamier than in her own elegant and friendly correspondence. The simple truth is that she exercised, with infinite delicacy and tact, a sort of kindly royalty over many devoted subjects of all ages between twenty and sixty, and of all ranks in society between penniless professors and the Crown Prince of Prussia. The moon looked on many brooks, but J.-J. Ampère could see no moon but that. Whatever may have been the charm of such a lady's society, it is difficult to avoid the idea that J.-J. Ampère threw himself away. "Il n'y a qu'une femme," he said, "que je puisse aimer, et tout nous sépare." Quite in early life, when only just of age, he saw clearly the strange destiny which this affection was preparing for him in the future. He said, "Je me suis livré à un sentiment sans espoir qui a rempli tout mon cœur—je vois tout ce qu'il y a d'impossible dans ma destinée."

In 1848 Mme. Récamier became almost blind, but neither age nor infirmity could in the least alter the devotion of him who had worshipped her for twenty-eight years. On the 11th of May, 1849, she was suddenly carried off by an attack of cholera, being then seventy-two years old. J.-J. Ampère, who had lost his father thirteen years before, sought a refuge from this last great blow in an excursion to the United States, which he explored with his old energy as a traveller, though he could no longer hope for the old encouraging letters from her who had been all womankind to him. His own life came to a close in March 1864, at Pau, being cut short by sudden illness. Though his existence had been passed in loving another man's wife, he had always been Christian in his faith, yet not a true Roman Catholic, for he could not see that the Church of Rome was founded upon the gospels. However, he never separated from her openly, and his funeral oration was pronounced by one of her priests, who commented especially upon the strength of his affections.

CONSULAR EXPERIENCES IN SYRIA AND EGYPT.*

THE demerits of Turkish rule afford the topic of much discussion in these days, and a moderate amount of information on the subject is yielded by the letters and journals of the late Mr. John Barker. He was the Levant Company's Consul and East India Company's agent at Aleppo for more than twenty years ending in 1825, and British Consul-General at Alexandria during eight years after that date. His son, Mr. Edward Barker, also in the Consular service, has put together, somewhat loosely, such fragments of occasional private writing as he thought might be worth reading at the present time. They are mixed with biographical or historical anecdotes of little importance or novelty, and with the editor's own reflections upon social life and politics in the Turkish Empire. These digressive excursions of the commentary, leaping in the earliest pages from the beginning of the century to last Midsummer, have a rather disturbing effect upon the narrative; but the narrative itself, even were its continuity better kept, would be of great value. Apart from well-known public transactions of the great French war, the Greek Revolution, and the career of Mohammed Ali, it is monotonous and uneventful. Mr. Consul-General Barker was, however, an official person of esteemed diligence, prudence, and integrity, who gained, as he deserved, a good many friends. He especially distinguished himself as a Government servant in contriving to forward urgent despatches by the routes he found most available in disturbed times. He had a private fortune; and, both in his house at Aleppo and in his delightful garden-villa at "Soudeeyah," near the mouth of the Orontes, was hospitably inclined. English travellers or residents in the Levant had good cause to value his acquaintance.

One of these was the wilful and whimsical Lady Hester Stanhope, who, in her Syrian quest of adventure, favoured the unromantic Mr. Barker with some correspondence. That eminently

* *Syria and Egypt under the Last Five Sultans of Turkey; being Experiences, during Fifty Years, of Mr. Consul-General Barker.* Edited by his Son, Edward B. B. Barker, Her Majesty's Consul. 2 vols. London: S. Tinsley. 1876.

superior woman diverted all who knew her by striving to apprise them that she was possessed of an heroic spirit and a heaven-born genius. But it was in vain that she proclaimed her untaught capacity for statesmanship and war. Her political sagacity was rather wasted in deriding "the fools," by which she meant the Allied Governments of 1815, for not putting their enemy to death after Waterloo. "I am excessively cross," she said, "with all the empty bigwigs who have arranged things so ill on the Continent." If they would let her alone to deal with the French army, she would instantly win the hearts of its soldiers; "for they would have found me," says this impetuous lady, "a greater devil than their Emperor." In some of her fits of wild egotistic humour she was pleased to fancy herself carried off by Mussulman pirates. It was to be a theatrical captivity, which should lead to her exaltation as a Moorish queen. She would then send forth her "privateers" to catch slaves, not only in the Mediterranean, but in the British Channel. She would kidnap the Tory Ministers, Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Sidmouth, and would condemn them to ignominious drudgery in her barbaric realm. A dose now and then of feminine nonsense of this sort, though without much cleverness in it, may have been entertaining to Consul-General Barker. It has lost its zest for a later generation, which had almost forgotten Lady Hester and her peculiar affectations, for each successive age produces its own specimen of the kind. Yet something of a lively character was required in these two volumes to relieve the general dreariness of an exhibition of Levantine rascality and perversity, of typical *pashas*, *beys*, and *agas*, in the dismal light of Turkish official and social corruption.

The results indeed of the elder Mr. Barker's experiences, both in Northern Syria and in Lower Egypt, the only parts of the Turkish Empire he saw, are not encouraging. As he died in October 1849, having retired from the Consular service in 1833, though without quitting his Syrian residence, we learn nothing from his observations concerning the particular circumstances which led to the Crimean war. We have the supplementary and not very coherent testimony of his son, with reference to later phases of Turkish mal-administration. But the whole does not make up anything like a complete account of the state of affairs under the five successive Sultans—namely, Selim, Mahmoud, the brothers Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, and the ephemeral Mourad of the past summer. Altogether, from what Messrs. Barker have to tell us, one would not form a very favourable opinion of Turkey, as regards the actual condition of its motley populations and the capabilities of tolerable government from Constantinople.

The Mohammedan population in Syria and the adjacent parts of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor seems mainly to consist of three different nations—the Arabs, the Ottoman or Osmanli Turks, and the wild Turkomans of the highland districts. The country is also infested by Arnaouts or disbanded Albanian soldiers, whose lawless behaviour, as well as that of the Turkomans and roving Bedouin Arabs, is a perpetual vexation to the settled inhabitants. Of the Arab character, as shown in the civilized townsfolk of Aleppo, Mr. Barker gives a rather pleasing account. They are not only polite, but humane and gentle, which he ascribes to the influence of the splendid Caliphates in the middle ages. Even the wild Arab of the desert, though addicted to pillaging travellers, has a horror of shedding blood; the sedentary Arabs of the Zor, along the Euphrates, are "honest and trustworthy, if fairly treated." They would be good neighbours to a colony of English agriculturists. But the Osmanli Turks, resident in the northern parts of Asia Minor, and in Roumelia, and in some districts of Bulgaria, are not so pleasant to live with. Though, in general, "honest and hospitable," they retain the ferocity and haughty temper of the conquering race. Mr. Barker observes that these Turks, unlike the Arabs, "have never had a literature and poetry to soften them." As for the Turkoman highlanders, they are described as mere savage robbers. Nevertheless, with a good, strong, and impartial government, if that could be established, all would go well. There is, we are told, no religious fanaticism which would prevent the assimilation of Mussulman and Christian under equal laws. There is nothing in the *Cher'i*, or law deduced from the Koran, to forbid such civil equality. The obstacle arises from the inveterate pride of the Turks, engendered by traditions of their former military power. The corruption also of the official class at Constantinople, with a centralized administration, is a perpetual hindrance to just and efficient government. At the time of Mohammed Ali's brief rule in Syria, from 1833 to 1841, both those causes of mischief were in abeyance; and the Egyptian Government, except for the need of a grievous military conscription, was the best ever known in Syria. Venality and corruption were severely chastised; the equal rights of Christian and Moslem subjects were respected; and the former served side by side with the latter in the same regiments of the Viceroy's army. There was in the plains of Syria, though not in the mountains, perfect security for the lives and property of all. "A woman could go alone in safety, carrying any amount of money, from one end of Syria or Palestine to the other." The only grievance felt by the Syrians was the cruelty of seizing their young men and forcing them into the military service, from which few returned alive. It seems probable that, if Mohammed Ali and his warlike son had been content with the rule of Egypt, Syria, and Candia, renouncing their larger schemes of ambition, a beneficial transformation might have taken place in the Levant.

We should not, however, be too ready to generalize from Mr. Barker's experiences at Aleppo and the neighbouring towns. The protracted conflict there between two local factions, which are com-

pared to the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Florence, seems to have originated in opposition to the centralizing policy of the Government. The Shereefs were the oligarchy of Turkish official persons and their connexions in the place; while the popular party among the townsfolk, striving to retain their municipal self-government, were called the Janissaries. The application of the latter name to a local class interest may perhaps be explained by the adherence of some of the old malcontent Praetorian guards to that side. Every pasha was at war with these, and was always watching his opportunity to slaughter them by a treacherous surprise, as was done at Stamboul and at Cairo. The provincial city, Mr. Barker declares, had enjoyed peace and prosperity under the rule of the Janissaries; that is to say, of the leading citizens, tradesmen and others, then supported by the military chieftains. There was even-handed justice, and neighbourly goodwill between people of different religions. "It is the fault of the proud, ignorant, and grasping Turkish officials, who tyrannize over all, and particularly over the Christians" that this social harmony has been disturbed. In the early years of the present century, when the aggressions of the central power began, a Grand Vizier would send *pashas* and *beys* to the cities of the Empire, not to govern, but merely to plunder, the richest of their inhabitants. In order to strike terror into their hearts, the *pasha* might begin on the first day, as we are told one of them did, by walking through the streets, followed by his executioners, and striking off the heads of a few shopkeepers upon some frivolous pretext. He would next produce an order from the Porte condemning several of the merchants or wealthy proprietors to pay large sums of money for alleged misdemeanours committed a long time before. It was an everyday occurrence that some one should be put to death, and his property seized, upon groundless accusations brought forward in this manner. To obtain protection against the arbitrary spoliations to which they were constantly liable, many citizens would nominally attach themselves to a foreign Consulate. They had to pay well for the privilege, and the Grand Vizier, seeing that profit could be made in this way, soon opened a sale of "barats," or certificates of exemption from being squeezed by the local governor. This was a grand source of disputes among the Turkish official hierarchy. Each petty tyrant in the provinces had to share his lawless gains with some minion of the Sultan's Court, whose patronage shielded him from all complaints. The peculation of funds entrusted to these *pashas* for the payment of soldiers and other public services was enormous. One *pasha* at Aleppo, whose regular emoluments were 800*l.* monthly, pocketed a sum allotted for the repair of a bridge, and then coolly invited the Consuls and merchants to subscribe for the cost of that needful work. If the *pasha* had to send money to Constantinople on account of the Imperial revenue, he would pretend that it was borrowed for the purpose, deducting interest at the rate of four per cent. per month. The Vizier and other Ministers, while conning at such gross frauds on the Porte, received valuable "bojkays," or gifts of costly brocade, shawls, and jewels, done up in a complimentary bundle. This customary mode of propitiation was likewise imposed by the influential dragomans of the foreign Embassies upon the Consuls of their respective nationalities; for all surrounding the Porte became infected with the same corruption. The consequence was a state of anarchy in which some local governors, like Abdullah Pasha of Acre, openly defied the orders of the Porte, and would kill its messengers coming to demand revenue. Others—Djezzar Pasha at Aleppo and Ali Pasha at Bagdad—refused obedience to the Government at Constantinople, but consented to pay tribute. Some collected a band of fierce and rapacious followers, by whose aid they took the field as rebels, called "beylerbeyis" or "deraybegs," and got possession of a defenceless town. The Porte was often induced to condone their offences, and they assumed the position of a feudal aristocracy in their own part of the country. This took place before the institution, by Sultan Mahmoud, of the Nizam, or regular standing army. The class, however, of lawless and violent great men, having both wealth and local power, had already grown up beyond repression, and it has continued ever since to defeat all the projected reforms of the Turkish Government.

Mr. Edward Barker, speaking from his own consular experience of twenty-one years, thinks that, upon the whole, the Turkish administration has been getting worse instead of better. The establishment of "medjilless," or local councils, whose advice and concurrence the *pashas* must ask for business of importance, has, he says, proved a delusion. The members of a "medjilis" are frequently descendants of the "beylerbeyis" or "deraybegs," the worst oppressors of the people. They will readily conspire with the dishonest *pasha*, and legalize his most iniquitous acts by adopting a "mazbata," with their joint signatures, for him to send to the Porte. Mr. Edward Barker does not think that such abuses could be effectively prevented by a mere reform of the constitution of the "medjilis"; by associating, for instance, with its Mussulman members an equal number of Christians. "It is not of the slightest use," he says, "to attempt to reform it without European supervision or assistance of some kind, if practicable." But the real oppressors of the country are the local magnates, the *beys* and *agas*, whose continual wrongdoing is unchecked by the venal or careless and feeble agents of the Imperial Government. This is the net result of such testimony as we get from two successive generations of a British Consular house in Syria.

Consul-General Barker, though a shrewd observer, had no great faculty of statesmanlike insight, and it is curious to remark the different sentiments with which at different times

he regarded the attitude of foreign Powers, more especially of Russia, towards the Porte. The views he entertained upon this subject were naturally determined by his feelings, shared with most Englishmen of that day, concerning France and her schemes in the East. When Napoleon was in Egypt, and was threatening to attack us in India, it might appear rather to our advantage than otherwise that the Russians should be "fairly possessed of Constantinople." We should then be free to meet the French in a contest for the possession of Syria, with the support, as seems implied, of our Russian ally. That was Mr. Barker's view seventy-five years ago, and he rightly thought our hold upon Syria of the greatest importance, as it was the channel by which our Government then communicated with India, and even with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. It had not yet occurred to British public opinion to conceive of Russia as a hostile Power at Constantinople. Even in 1828, during the Russian invasion of Turkey, we find Mr. Barker warmly expressing his desire that the Russians should give the Turks "another good drubbing." He hoped that the "Grand Seignior," by which old-fashioned style he called the Sultan, might thus be compelled to sign new capitulations in favour of European residents. But his views of Russian ascendancy were considerably changed a few years later, when the Sultan had found himself obliged to invite Russian military aid for his defence against Mohammed Ali, and to sign "the fatal treaty of Unkiar Skelessi." Mr. Barker is stated by his son to have foreseen, while at Alexandria, that Mohammed Ali's designs against the Porte would lead to results which might be prejudicial to British policy. At that time, in January 1833, the line pursued by our Government, though Lord Palmerston was in office, was quite favourable to Mohammed Ali's ambitious purposes. Mr. Barker was therefore superseded in Egypt by a Consul-General "of more yielding disposition"—namely, Colonel Campbell; but a few years later, "when it was decided by the British Cabinet to coerce the Viceroy," Colonel Hodges was appointed. The responsibility for these statements lies with Mr. Edward Barker, who must, however, be assumed to have derived them from his father. But we do not learn what the Consul-General thought, in the retirement of his latter years, about the danger of Russian conquests in Turkey. He does not appear to have ever gained any acquaintance with the provinces between the Balkan and the Danube. He had not studied the character of the Slavonic populations under Turkish rule. These are the subjects of our immediate anxiety. Mr. Barker's leading political notion, and that also of his filial biographer, appears to be the necessity for British interests of securing the Euphrates route to India, as well as the Suez route, from any possible interference of a rival European Power. This requirement obviously forbids our toleration of a Russian advance upon Asia Minor; and this is nearly all that these experiences of a Syrian Consulate have to teach us of the present Eastern question, beyond the notorious general difficulty of Turkish administrative reforms.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ELEMENTARY TEACHING.*

THESE must be a large number of persons in all parts of the United Kingdom who in one capacity or another are anxious to get an answer to the question, What constitutes good elementary teaching? Clergymen, or squires, or their wives and daughters, or members of School Boards, or managers of Voluntary Schools, may all want to know whether the teaching in the schools in which they happen to be interested is what it should be, or if, as will often be the case, they have cause to know or to suspect that it is not what it should be, what are the points in which it fails. Since the passing of the Education Act great numbers of new schools have come into being, and it is only natural that one result of this rapid increase should be a temporary deterioration in the quality of teachers. The action of the Education Department in the matter of certificates is a virtual recognition of this. Teachers have to be found, and if school managers cannot get the sort they want, they must be content with the sort they can get. Probably, therefore, more than usual uneasiness is felt as to what is going on in the schools over which so much thought and correspondence will be wasted, if after all the children go away untaught or badly taught. Nor is it only those who have the appointment or control of elementary teachers who feel nervous on this point. There are many teachers probably who have every wish to do their duty by the children, and to get on in their profession, and who have really the capacity to improve if they were but told the way to set to work. We can imagine many conversations between a school manager and a teacher, in which the one hints that the school is not going on well, and the other confesses that it is not, and both have to stop at this unsatisfactory point because neither knows what is wanted to make it go on well. After all, the majority even of the best teachers are only very ordinary young men and women, and if they have but a very imperfect knowledge of the best methods of teaching and discipline, it is not a matter for wonder. But though there may be abundance of excuses for their ignorance, these excuses do not affect the result so far as the school is concerned. The best methods of teaching and discipline are for the most part the only methods that answer the purpose; and if the teacher is only feeling after them by the light of nature, he is as likely as not to miss them. Perhaps such a conversation as we have fancied ends

* *School Inspection.* By D. R. Fearon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

in a determination to learn as much as possible from the Inspector at his next visit. And if the Inspector is thoroughly up to his work, and has his heart thoroughly in it, and if the teachers are not too shy to state their difficulties, or too nervous to benefit by the explanations, the Inspector's visit is a time of very great profit. But it is at least conceivable that an Inspector may be careless or incompetent, and a half-hour which has been eagerly looked forward to for a whole year is not always put to the best use when it actually arrives. Even when the Inspector is all that he should be, and the teacher improves to the utmost the opportunity of getting hints from him, there will be things forgotten or passed over for want of time; and, besides this, an intelligent young teacher will often chafe under the necessity of going on doing a thing in the wrong way until the Inspector comes and detects it, instead of having the right way pointed out to him beforehand, so that there may be nothing for the Inspector to detect.

All these classes of persons will find just the information they want in *School Inspection*. Mr. Fearon, who is now an Assistant-Commissioner of Endowed Schools, was formerly an Inspector of Schools; and, in a little volume of ninety pages or so, he has brought together the result of ten years' experience in that capacity. His observations and suggestions were written, and are now printed, at the joint request of the Chairman of the School Board in one of the most populous boroughs of the kingdom and of one of the members of Parliament for that borough. The form in which the book is cast is that of hints to Inspectors; but it is evident that to describe what an Inspector ought to look for in the teaching and discipline of a school, and to tell a teacher what are the means by which he will be most sure of satisfying an Inspector, are only different aspects of one and the same process. Thus, in speaking of the inspection of Infant Schools, Mr. Fearon instances certain mistakes commonly made by unskilled teachers for which an Inspector should be on the look-out. Two of these are not making infants, when called out for a lesson, stand carefully and steadily on a line marked on the floor, by which means fidgeting and slovenly habits can be at once noticed and checked; and moving to the children and touching them, instead of taking up a well-chosen position and controlling them from that position by the voice and eye. These are precisely the kind of faults which a young and untrained teacher might fall into from the very desire to pay most attention to the most important things, and to put each individual child at its ease. If the teacher has not been told that they are faults, she may never find it out for herself, or, at all events, not until she discovers that, so long as they remain uncorrected, she does not get her certificate. If she reads Mr. Fearon's book she will at least not "walk up and down in front of the class the whole time of the lesson, like a wild creature in its den at the Zoological Gardens, thus always having her back to some portion of her class." Again, she may read with very great profit to herself Mr. Fearon's remarks on the importance of preparation for every collective lesson, no matter how simple the subject may be, or how young the children. Every teacher, he says, should keep a note-book, to be used on purpose for the preparation of lessons. Such a record of preparation is a most valuable aid to a young pupil-teacher, and it will be a useful guide to the Inspector when he comes to question the children on what they have been taught. Or it may never have occurred to her to consider whether she makes the most of her resources. If so, she may take warning from the infant-school teacher who complained that the managers did not furnish her with an object-box, and gave that as an excuse for not having delivered any object-lessons, "while all the time there were pictures hanging on the walls of the school-room, from which she might have given a course to last several years."

The same kind of benefit may be derived as regards that important part of a teacher's duty—the training of pupil-teachers. What are the points at which a teacher is first to aim when he takes a child in hand for this purpose? Mr. Fearon tells him what are the tests which he has found valuable in judging the merits of candidates for pupil-teacherships. Observe, he says, how the candidate holds himself when taking a class; whether he shows any power of using the eye in controlling his class; whether, if shortsighted, he has become familiar with the use of spectacles. These are of course mere preliminaries to the question whether he has been taught the elementary rules of teaching that particular subject, and whether he shows intelligence, capacity, and readiness in his work. But then, if he has not mastered these preliminaries, he will not satisfy a competent Inspector, and if the teacher has not done his best to ensure his mastering them, he has failed in one part of a teacher's business. Much of what Mr. Fearon has to say on what constitutes good teaching takes the form of suggestions to Inspectors as to the points they are to note for correction in a lesson given by a pupil-teacher. A teacher who reads these hints will see immediately what are the faults he has to correct in those he has to train; and he will have an opportunity of noting at the same time whether any of these faults remain uncorrected in his own teachings. In the case of a reading-lesson, for example, Mr. Fearon begins as usual by insisting on the importance of the teacher's position. Is the class so arranged that he can see every child in it without turning his head, still less his body? Is he near enough to the class to hear the furthest child reading in his natural voice? Does he make himself attended to? Does he keep all the class at work, as by questioning, by requiring the better readers to help the worse, and by not putting the children on to read in regular order? Has he noted beforehand the difficult words in the lesson, thought of the general nature of his remarks

on those words, and settled in his mind a line of questioning with which to conclude the lesson? A young teacher who learns that these will be the things expected of a pupil-teacher will also know what are the points to which his own self-examination should be directed. Mr. Fearon goes through the points of a good writing lesson in a similar way. He advises the Inspector to note first whether the teacher knows the difference between teaching and examining. "I have seen," he says, "writing-lessons given by certificated teachers in which the teachers did nothing more than go round the class behind the backs of the scholars and find fault with each individual boy's work in turn, never showing them how to do better, still less making the errors and the mode of correcting them a matter of class instruction." After the Inspector has seen that the teacher knows how a boy should sit, how he should hold his pen or pencil, and how place his book or slate, he will notice how he has determined the questions when a child has been well enough drilled in the use of the pencil to be fit to go on to a pen, and when he has advanced far enough in text-hand to befit go on to small-hand. The next points will be to note whether the teacher has any systematic method of correcting writing, and how far he is capable of giving class, as opposed to individual, instruction in it. Under both these heads Mr. Fearon describes what ought to satisfy the Inspector, and in doing so he necessarily describes at the same time what the teacher ought to strive after.

We have dwelt most on Mr. Fearon's treatment of the more elementary parts of teaching, because we have wished to show how useful his remarks may be to the teachers and managers of the very humblest schools. But hints of equal value are to be found in the pages which deal with the higher subjects. Thus, under geography and history, Mr. Fearon insists on the importance of home preparation alike for the sake of the teacher, the scholars, and the parents. "Day schools, with their home preparation and their place-taking at school, have been the two keynotes of the great and ancient system of popular education, and in the hands of able and zealous managers and faithful and judicious teachers, these two principles might be made to play a great part in the cause of popular education in England." If the Inspector "finds that no preparation has been expected . . . he will speak seriously with the principal teacher on that matter." In short, the characteristics of really good teaching in all the subjects ordinarily taught in elementary schools will be found enumerated and described in this little volume. We can hardly say anything more calculated to recommend it to that large though scattered public which, for various reasons, is profoundly interested in ascertaining, on indisputable authority, what good teaching really is.

BESSIE LANG.*

BESSIE LANG is a pretty though a melancholy story, which has the great merits of simplicity and compactness. It is written in a single volume in place of the regulation three, so that the author is under no compulsion to be diffuse, and is saved from the temptation of encumbering his tale with digressions. Were the critic to lay himself out to look for blots, he might perhaps object to the narrative being put into the mouth of the worthy old woman who tells it. No doubt Dame Martin is represented as being extraordinarily shrewd, and very much more instructed than might be supposed from her humble connexions and upbringing. Still it is something more than a moderate use of romantic license to make us believe in such marvellous powers of memory and quickness of apprehension in an old lady who had been brought up in a Cumberland farmhouse, long before the schoolmaster was abroad. For she has to recall, among other things, the conversation and exact forms of expression of a man who was not only highly educated, but who had genius and wide information and rare gifts of imagination. Waiving this objection, however, which after all bears but extraneously on the actual novel, we have little but praise for the rest. Bessie Lang herself is beautifully natural, and we are by no means sure that it is not designedly artistic that the story should drag in the beginning and even strike one as somewhat dull. For the dull monotony of the life in Carbeck, with the grand but gloomy character of the mountains that shut it out from the world, are Bessie's best excuse for the misfortunes that befall her later. By nature she is as pure and innocent as a girl can be, and to the end we compassionate her as the victim of circumstances. She is the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in Carbeck, a man who only comes after the clergyman in the estimation of his simple neighbours, representing its property, as the other does the Church. But she is overflowing with buoyant spirits, and given to gracefully coquettish ways, and she has a quick fancy and lively susceptibilities which fail to meet a response from the honest people among whom she lives. Her aunt, Dame Martin, loves her the most and understands her the best; and it is to the Dame that she naturally turns for counsel in her girlish perplexities, and for protection from the dangers which she courts yet apprehends. But Aunt Martin is an old woman after all, and it is not affection of that kind that will act as an antidote with the impulsive village beauty against the perilous seductions that stir her feelings to the depths. Bessie's is the old story which has been wrought into fiction by such a host of pens, and it is much to Miss Corkran's credit that she has reproduced it with so much freshness. Had Bessie been content to fall into the traditions of the Cumberland fells, she

might have lived in credit and comfort, and died respectable and happy. She had made herself absolute mistress of the heart of the lad who promised to be the glory of the parish; and what ought she to have asked more? When she had once plighted her troth, she had ceased altogether to be a free agent; for, as it was impressed on her with melancholy iteration afterwards, the girls of Carbeck were never known to change. Most unhappily for her, however, brilliant stranger turns up at the moment when her mood is most impressionable, and steals into her affections with the qualities that would appeal most strongly to her nature. Ellis is a gentleman whose wayward caprices have led him into the lonely valley; he is a clever artist, and delights in the scenery; he is a student of men, and is amused by the manners of the natives; he is an admirer of beauty wherever he sees it, and is speedily fascinated by Bessie Lang. The best of companions, without an affection of condescension, and with a wonderful adaptability of character, he quickly wins the hearts of all whom he thinks it worth while to be civil to. The growth of the feelings that spring up between him and Bessie is excellently indicated or described, although we are left for long in some little doubt as to whether he himself knows whether they are tending. As Thackeray says of Arthur Pendennis's behaviour to Fanny Bolton when he takes the porter's daughter to Vauxhall, it is certain that the most practised seducer could not have gone more skilfully to work. Ellis treats the girl with the fondly patronizing protection of a superior and senior whose motives are above suspicion. He is as frank and constant in his attentions as if he thought as little evil as the worthy villagers who look on in flattered complacency. Only Dame Martin distrusts him; and her affectionate instincts place her on her guard. Yet he is made to talk so brightly and brilliantly that Dame Martin's interest is won against her will, while Bessie is actually hanging on his words, and listening open-eyed to his romantic fancies. Ellis, brilliant as he is, is in himself a common enough character in fiction; but we must give the author high praise for the vividness with which she presents him. She does not simply tell us what he was and ask us to admire him on her word; she makes him speak for himself, and speak remarkably cleverly. He artfully awakens new emotions in Bessie and new aspirations. He gives her glimpses of a new world, which she sees in the colours in which he draws it, and a strange sense of unfamiliar pleasures. He even succeeds in awakening what might pass for ambition in her, were it not that the ambition is limited to dreams of the companionship of some one who is to fill the blank of which she begins to be conscious. Nay, he contrives to address her in words of love while her aunt is making a third in their interviews. He talks with calm authority as if on some abstract question, knowing that he need fear neither interruption nor rebuke, as that might give pointed significance to his speech, and even turn it into a dangerous declaration. So Dame Martin has to look on and listen in silence, fretting in a way of which he is perfectly conscious, while he charms Bessie in his melodious voice with some such sentiment as this:—

Artists are like poets, whose ballads to their sweethearts we sing; so long as their pictures exist, so long we see the face of the girl they loved. That love lives for ever. The world knows the artist only through that woman's face, and the woman but through the artist. That is the only love worth having. And do you think the man who gives it trembles like a clumsy country lad before her he loves? No; he looks into her eyes, he compels her to love him.

The last sentences contain an allusion which Bessie understands but too well, and which always irritates and alarms her aunt. By this time, at all events, Ellis has come to know his own purpose, and is prompted by jealousy as much as love. Had he never loitered at Carbeck, Bessie might have been happy with Bill Troughton, whose unfortunate lot gives pathos to the tale before we arrive at the sad *dénouement*. Bill is at least as clever a conception in his way as Bessie. For as for Bessie, with her pretty face and graceful ways, her lively prattle, her mantling blushes, and her sly stolen glances at her lovers, we can hardly help falling in love with her ourselves. But Bill is a heavy boy, and grows up into a loutish, ungainly-looking lad. Brought up with Bessie from childhood, it is evidently intended that he should marry her, if everything goes straight; and we are rather sorry that it should be so. First, because we fancy she will be doomed to a very humdrum existence; but chiefly because it seems likely that the novel will be spoiled artistically, as Bessie will let herself be won by Bill's brilliant rival with less violent internal struggles. But, as the story slowly unfolds itself, Bill gains upon us insensibly. It is not because the intelligent boy promises to turn out a great mechanical genius, and take rank along with the Stephensons in the new world that is opening to engineers. But as the light of genius sometimes flashes out of his heavy face, so we become conscious of the noble spirit that is shining through the rough covering that envelops it, ennobling his nature and inspiring his actions. He shows an unlimited capacity for sustained self-sacrifice, with a delicacy of affection which would have done credit to any station. Yet he is made so human that we cannot help being provoked with the modesty that spoils his chances when he goes a courting. We can understand that he must have provoked shrewd old Dame Martin in one way almost as much as Ellis did in a very different one. He has fashions to which the girls of Carbeck are unused. He will treat her niece with the respectful devotion due to divinity, instead of reminding her that she is a pretty girl. Why can't he kiss her, when she half expects it, and risk a quarrel if it must be, instead of stealthily applying his lips to the knitting worsted which is to carry the kiss to her fingers? On his system of slow

* *Bessie Lang*. By Alice Corkran. William Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

advances it would take months or years of steadygoing matrimony to make himself absolute master of the affections of his wife; yet Beesie is quick enough to see something of those treasures of affection which Bill will keep so jealously for her exclusive use, and to know something of the blow she will deal him, should she betray him for another or sacrifice herself. When the blow from which he has been shrinking does fall at last, it is the latter consideration that affects him most nearly, as we might have supposed from his unselfish nature and his wonderful power of love. And so it is he who takes up the defence of his missing sweetheart in the first moments of his deep affliction, when all the village is running her down, and her own father is chiming in with the chorus.

There are some good pictures of the primitive dalesman's life in the Lake country before the days of railways and excursionists; as, for instance, of the interior of the old-fashioned farmhouse where a George Lang had lived as master from time immemorial, so that when the clergyman asked the name to be given to the first-born when the child was held up to the font, the question was understood to be a mere form, as every one knew the invariable answer. The free and friendly way in which all the rest of the religious services were conducted is also happily depicted. Mr. Orwell, the clergyman, who was in the habit of dropping in on an evening on his parishioners, taking his seat at the corner of the fire, and chatting over most things but religion, would walk up the aisle to the pulpit of a Sunday, stopping to exchange greetings and observations as he went along. "How are your ewes this cold weather, Mistress Martin?" or, "John, and how is the coot that had the mouth disease last week?" he would ask quite heartily. "In the cold weather he would cut the services short. 'The Lord will excuse long prayers,' he would say, as if he knew all about the Lord's thoughts on the subject, 'when there are six feet of snow on the ground.'" And on one memorable occasion, when he first took special notice of Bill Troughton, Bill had settled a controversy between the clerk and the parson as to the day of the month—a controversy in which many of the congregation had joined—by counting on his fingers the days that had elapsed since the Wednesday when the lambs were sheared. Altogether the little story is greatly to be recommended, both as a description of old-fashioned village life in a primitive state of society and as a vividly natural study of human hearts and feelings.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. MORGAN'S treatise on the *Law of Literature** is somewhat fuller and more complete than his title-page might lead a reader unfamiliar with the technical description and legal boundaries of the subject to apprehend. It deals, in fact, more or less completely with every part of what may be called the Common Law and the Federal Law of America affecting literary composition; embracing the topics of libel, of copyright, and of ownership in letters and other documents. It is full of matter interesting not only to lawyers and authors, but to all who are concerned to understand the history, the reasons, and the principles of the law governing literary property and responsibilities; and its careful execution, together with the general freedom of the text from difficult technicalities, which are chiefly confined to the notes, renders it intelligible to every class of readers. The author points out in his preface a distinction between American and English text-books on particular branches of the law, and on those special topics to which legal writers have devoted so many professional monographs, which is perhaps more important than he himself has discerned. It is, as he says, the general rule of English writers not to treat their subject in the order of abstract theory, or on the basis of general principles gathered from the multitude of decided cases which form the foundation of all special law in countries without a code; but to take the cases themselves, not indeed in chronological, but as far as possible in logical, order, and by means of critical remarks or a running commentary on these to acquaint the student with the actual state of the law, and with such analogies and inferences as may afford legal arguments upon questions which have not been actually and formally adjudged. The practice of American, as of Continental writers, on the contrary, is to arrange their subject logically—to state in their own words and, as it were, on their own authority, the condition of the law, and only to support their doctrine by cited cases and judicial dicta. No doubt among Continental lawyers this practice is the natural consequence of codification, and the code, restraining the text-writer from wandering far into the regions of theory and inference, makes this usage comparatively safe. But the law of America, based, like that of England, in the first place, upon that *lex non scripta* which is to so great an extent the creation of the judges, and confused even more than that of England by the decisions of a variety of courts deriving the very foundation of their authority from independent powers, lends itself even less than that of our own country to this arbitrary method of treatment; and on some special topics, and peculiarly on those comprised in the general term of *International Law*, American authors, in common

with their Continental brethren—who in this one subject are free to expatiate as they please, unchecked by a written code—too often state as law rather than which they think to be reason than that which has actually been decided by authority. Mr. Morgan has taken the English course in compiling his own volumes, and they are on that account at once more trustworthy and, we think, more convenient. Our readers are probably aware that, though the American practice in regard to libel differs so materially from our own that the press may be described, with few exceptions, as one great machinery of personal and political slanders, the law, not as administered by juries, but as laid down by the tribunals, coincides substantially with our own, as modified by the doctrines of modern judges. The same is the case with the American law of property in letters and other nondescript documents; and even in regard to copyright itself in works published or intended for publication, the United States have in the main borrowed both the common and the statute law of the mother-country. It happens, therefore, that the arguments and instances given with regard to this latter topic apply almost as directly to the English as to the American law, especially since many of the cases are English. And indirectly, if not unconsciously, Mr. Morgan supplies a very powerful argument in favour of prolonged, if not perpetual, copyright, and refutes very completely Macaulay's arguments on the subject. Macaulay's two practical objections to a heritable copyright were, first, the possibility of suppression—and indeed the probability that in certain cases works of permanent literary value or historical interest might be withdrawn by the heirs of the writers—and, secondly, that in general the copyright would belong to a publisher, who had very likely bought it for one-hundredth part of its value, inasmuch as the probable value of great works is seldom justly appreciated at first; and that the family of the author—and in most cases the author himself—would derive no benefit from an extension of ownership, which might nevertheless inflict a most serious annoyance on the public. Mr. Morgan's citations of actual laws show that each of these difficulties may be very easily overcome, and that there is no substantial necessity for limiting the duration of property in those few great books which might be the foundation, and the noblest foundation, of a family fortune. In dealing with the question of international copyright he is less candid and less generous. He is willing indeed to concede to the author full property in his work on either side of the Atlantic; but he insists that the American publisher should have a monopoly secured to him at the expense of the American public by being protected against the importation of an English edition of an English work; a rule which would enormously enhance the cost of books, and thereby provoke a reaction on the part of American readers, who would impute to copyright what was really the effect of a wholly unreasonable protective monopoly enjoyed by the American printer. He insists, moreover, that we are ourselves mainly responsible for the disadvantage at which our authors are placed; inasmuch as we forbid the prior publication of an English work in a foreign country under penalty of loss of copyright. We cannot say that we see any sufficient reason for such a rule. But it is quite clear that in the great majority of cases no writer who had not acquired a reputation would dream of first publishing a book in America in order to acquire copyright there; and thus, even were our rule repealed, the American publisher would retain, as at present, the liberty of stealing any book whose transatlantic popularity had not been anticipated by its author. Of course American writers are the main losers by the lawless proceedings of their Government, inasmuch as they cannot possibly compete with the cheapness of stolen goods; but, were the stealing once stopped, American authors would be able to support as many American publishers as were wanted without robbing the English writer and the American reader in order to bestow a factitious and unmerited profit upon the transatlantic bookseller by giving him an artificial monopoly of the American market. His only claim to any protection at all must lie in the existence of protective duties on his materials, and from these he ought of course to be liberated. In abridging the remarkable story of their country's fortunes few American writers know how to deal with a story so varied in its character, consisting of totally different and dissimilar parts incapable of being fused into a single continuous narrative, and broken into portions whose interest and value are so completely distinct in nature as to be incommensurable. Few know what proportion of their space to devote to divisions of their work so utterly unlike as the story of the first discoveries, resting on tradition and on a few alleged records and monuments; the more interesting tale of those successful adventurers of a later age who, following in the track or rivalling the ambition of Columbus, really made America a part of the known world; the history of Spanish, of Portuguese, of Dutch, and of French and English colonization; the relations of the different colonies and colonizing powers to one another; the native tribes, their relations to the whites and to one another, and their participation in the white wars; the growth of the colonies, chiefly of English, but partly also of French and Spanish, blood, which have gradually been welded into one great Federal empire; the story of their quarrels among themselves and with the mother-country, and of those prolonged, but frequently interrupted, disputes which culminated in the rebellion; the record of the rebellion itself, and of the war which, owing rather to European intervention than to American valour, ended in so signal a triumph; the subsequent political and international history of the Union; the long rivalry between North and

* *The Law of Literature; reviewing the Laws of Property in MSS., Books, Lectures, Musical Compositions, &c. With an Appendix of the American, English, French, and German Statutes of Copyright.* By James Appleton Morgan, M.A. 2 vols. New York: Cockcroft & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

South, taking at last the form of a bitter controversy about slavery; the Civil War, by which that controversy and many others were settled, and the years of corruption and degradation which have followed on the conquest of the South. Really and effectively to deal with each of these independent topics, to give each its proper place and proportion, to describe each clearly, sufficiently, and yet within reasonable limits of space, is a task requiring extraordinary powers of judgment as well as of composition, and it seems eminently probable that the man best qualified to write one part of the record would make the most signal failure in another. The name of Mr. William Cullen Bryant will give to the history of which the first volume is now before us an advantageous start in competition with its rivals; and though he is not exactly an impartial judge, he is so cold in tone and so cool in thought that calmness may not improbably supply whatever is wanting in perfect candour and quality of feeling. Judging by the present instalment of the work, his assistant is a careful and competent man; but even here we observe a disproportionate appropriation of space and treatment, an inadequate appreciation of the drier but not less vital topics, and a certain traditional prejudice pervading certain parts of the narrative which lead us to apprehend that the work as a whole will fail to deal clearly with many critical periods and events, and that the authors will be compelled either to crowd a multitude of important facts into a space which will forbid effective treatment and lucid explanation, or else to omit them altogether.

The First Century of the Republic † promises a great deal more than any work of the same size and character could possibly perform, in undertaking to review the progress of America in every department of political and social advance, from the Declaration of Independence down to the present time. The editors have selected writers of weight and authority, familiar with each of the particular subjects they have undertaken; and, so far as the conditions of the task permitted, we do not venture to deny that each has performed his allotted duty with care and with tolerable success. But the attempt to write a cyclopaedia of the history of an eventful century, breaking up its story into a multitude of unconnected heads, and embracing in a single volume a variety of topics to each of which a separate treatise might well be allotted, was foredoomed to failure by its very nature; and the result of a great amount of labour on the part of an unusual number of eminent coadjutors is only the production of one more of that multitude of ephemeral and essentially unsatisfactory books to which the Centennial Celebration has given birth.

"Life on the Plains" ‡ forms the most important and adventurous portion of the duties of the American army; and every soldier, unless he be unusually fortunate, may expect to pass the greater part of his period of service on the Indian frontier, and in those parts of the Western territory which are exposed to Indian depredations. A more tedious and wearisome duty seldom falls to the lot of European soldiers; those of England, when called upon to serve in certain parts of India, at the Cape, in the Malayan peninsula, or at other posts where they may be exposed to attack from savages, and kept constantly on the watch for assaults of which no notice is likely to be afforded, and perhaps the Russian forces employed in the interior of Asia, being almost the only troops to whom a similar experience falls. General Custer, the writer of the present volume, is a brilliant and successful officer; but service of the kind to which he has lately been devoted affords to the most watchful and efficient of commanders little opportunity for distinction, and very frequent occasions on which an officer is very likely to lose much of the credit he may have obtained on more important, if not more difficult, fields. Nine-tenths of the time of an officer on the plains are spent in the most tedious of garrison duties, without those amusements and social recreations which are to be enjoyed in the dullness of European garrisons; and the weariness of such a service is only relieved by the necessity of constant and intense vigilance, and by occasional expeditions of a peculiarly harassing and difficult character. Contrary to the usual rule in dealing with savage enemies, superiority of numbers is generally or very often on the side of the whites, but this does not by any means afford a security for success, as the Indians rarely or never give open battle on fair terms, but are constantly on the watch to effect surprises or to entangle their enemies in defiles where neither numbers, discipline, skill, nor superiority of weapons can make up for the want of local knowledge; and it has thus happened that not a few heavy disasters have been inflicted upon the regular army of America by a few score of Indian desperadoes. Under such circumstances an officer is fortunate if he escapes disgrace; and he can very seldom hope to win honour or repute. General Custer's experiences are somewhat less dreary than those of most of his comrades in this arduous and unpleasant service; but even he would willingly have given up every chance of extra credit that Indian warfare might afford to be sure that he would not lose therein

a large part of the reputation won in the more glorious, but perhaps not more dangerous, fields of the Civil War. As was to be expected, he shows no sympathy with his opponents, whose method of warfare is not calculated to win the esteem of civilized antagonists; and he denies altogether, what few impartial authorities dream of questioning, the fact that provocation is given quite as frequently by the pioneers and frontier men intruding into Indian territories and treating the Indians with a lawless savagery no less ferocious than their own, as by the Indians themselves. The latter, no doubt, very frequently make unprovoked raids upon settlements regarded as having been already brought within the borders of civilization and wrested from their former occupants; and in all such cases the slaughter of men and boys, and the capture and maltreatment of women and children, excite feelings at which no one who knows anything of the temper of frontier settlements threatened by savages, whether in Africa, in Australasia, or in America, can pretend to wonder.

The *Memorials of Mr. H. B. Hackett* *, a Baptist minister of sectarian, but not of high general reputation, and those of Professor Anthony †, a man of higher promise, but perhaps even less known beyond the narrow circle of his own immediate friends, afford a remarkable contrast to the records of General Custer's hard and adventurous life. They will probably be limited in their circulation to those whose opinions or accidental knowledge of the men give them a special interest in the subject.

The Intercolonial line of railway ‡ of which the engineer, Mr. Fleming, gives a somewhat elaborate history, is not that important line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific provinces of Great Britain which yet remains to be made, and whose suspension has caused so much irritation among the Pacific colonists, but a line running along the coast of New Brunswick and along the St. Lawrence on its southern side, and connecting Quebec with Halifax and St. John. We presume that, in a commercial point of view, the colonists have made up their minds that such a line, competing though it does with a river and ocean communication open for the greater part of the year, will prove remunerative. But for military purposes it must be considered as almost useless, since the fraud by which, under the Ashburton Treaty, the State of Maine contrived to grasp the central portion of New Brunswick enables the Americans to cut the railway at almost any point, and to render it therefore wholly unavailable, especially at the time when it would be required by the freezing of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence's *Historical Studies* § deal chiefly with the rise and growth of the Papacy, the record of its gradually advancing pretensions, culminating in the declaration of Papal Infallibility by the Vatican Council, and the long struggles waged from the first development of independent thought and civilization in the feudal kingdoms of Europe down to the final victories of the Reformation, between the princes and lay potentates of Europe and the encroaching heads of the Church. The distribution of what is in fact a continuous subject into a number of independent essays has its conveniences, but is apt to perplex the reader, who has constantly to look back or forward from one to another if he would realize the chronological progress of the warfare therein recorded. It is to be regretted that Mr. Lawrence shows a bitterness towards the Church and a want of full appreciation of the real services she rendered to civilization which subtracts seriously from the merit and value of his work. It is well, no doubt, that we should understand which cause was in truth and in the ultimate result that of humanity and of progress; but it is also desirable that justice should be done to that which, in the earlier stages of the contest, appeared to be the representative of humanity, of learning, and often of moderation and of equity, and did really uphold these on many occasions against the lawless temper and unscrupulous violence of feudal princes.

The story of Mr. Orton's journey across the Continent of South America ||, through the Peruvian Andes and along the course of the Amazon, is sufficiently interesting and readable to entitle even its third edition to a mention. The author is a good observer in more than one important department of knowledge, and his book is not, like those of so many scientific writers, either confined to purely professional topics or overloaded with the details which, though chiefly interesting to a naturalist, are apt to be tedious to the general reader. Neither Peru nor the Amazon are by any means unknown or unfamiliar to English readers; but neither has been so thoroughly explored, or so fully and so frequently described, as to render a work like this superfluous or uninteresting; and the judicious brevity of Mr. Orton's account of his journeys and his condensed record of facts render his volume one of the most convenient to which the inquirer interested in the subject can turn for general information.

* *Memorials of Horatio Balch Hackett*. Edited by G. H. Whittemore, Rochester, U.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Memoir of Professor Charles H. Anthony, who died May 21, 1876*. Albany, N.Y.: Joel Munsell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Intercolonial: an Historical Sketch of the Line of Railway uniting the Inland and Atlantic Provinces of the Dominion*. By Sandford Fleming, C.E. With Maps and Illustrations. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Historical Studies*. By Eugene Lawrence. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

|| *The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America*. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By James Orton, A.M., Author of "Comparative Zoology," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

* *A Popular History of the United States, from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the First Century of the Union of the States*. By William Cullen Bryant and Sidney Howard Gay. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *The First Century of the Republic: a Review of American Progress*. By the Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D.; F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D.; the Hon. David A. Wells, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *My Life on the Plains; or, Personal Experiences with Indians*. By Gen. G. A. Custer, U.S.A. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

Mr. Withrow's account of the Catacombs of Rome * is an exceedingly painstaking and thoroughgoing work, and, whether or not the writer may be correct in all his inferences, they have evidently been founded upon diligent investigation. He could not have very much that was absolutely new to tell on the subject; but as a convenient and by no means lengthy account of the most remarkable and interesting monuments of primitive Christianity, of those extraordinary excavations which furnished the persecuted Church with refuges during life and in death, which formed her places of worship in times of peril and received the remains of her martyrs, the present volume is perhaps inferior to none of its predecessors in the eyes of the unprofessional student who has not leisure to master more elaborate and controversial works.

The Ultimate Generalization † is an attempt to effect something which certainly is not to be accomplished even by the most terse of writers and the most thoroughly informed master of various sciences within the limits of a thin pamphlet like the present.

Mr. Cooper's work on the cultivation of art ‡, however interesting, has the same fault of incompleteness and insufficiency, and, though confined mainly to the special topic of the relations between art and the hostile influences prevalent in American society—Puritanism and money-getting—it is hardly solid or thorough enough to make any considerable impression even on minds already prepared to receive its conclusions.

The American rivers and lakes afford such excellent and abundant sport to the fisherman that we may rather wonder at the rarity than at the number of angler's guides and fisherman's manuals published in the United States. Norway itself affords nothing like the same variety and completeness of opportunities for this charming sport within reach of the conveniences and comforts of civilization as do the lakes between Canada and the United States and the streams tributary to them and to the St. Lawrence. The volume before us § is convenient in size and sufficient—if not, as it claims to be, complete—in contents and in treatment; and Englishmen in search of good fishing-grounds may be disposed to study it in order to learn both what sport they may find in America and where they may find it. We may suggest to those who have already tried Northern waters for the salmon and trout that those of the South afford novel and by no means uninteresting varieties of the angler's occupation, and that the streams of Georgia and the Carolinas may be well worth the trouble of a visit to those who have leisure to choose their own ground, and time and skill to make themselves acquainted with the conditions of a new fishery.

Dr. Quackenbos's *Illustrated Lessons in Our Language* || are a sort of mixed grammar, syntax, and directions for composition, adapted to schools; but not by any means equal to text-books of the same sort in common use in this country, even in facility and simplicity, far less in completeness and accuracy.

Of novels, two—*The Spur of Monmouth* ¶ and *Patriot and Tory* **—are tales of the Revolutionary period, for which the Centennial is supposed to afford a special opportunity, and which display all the passion and prejudice, all the bitter hatred of the loyal Americans which disgraced the conduct of the successful Revolutionists, and were revived in the treatment of the South after the Civil War.

Mr. Cornwall's *Free, yet Forging Their Own Chains* †† is a story of the "sentimental moral" order, and of a higher calibre than those we have just mentioned. *Shadowed Perils* ‡‡ is a domestic tale, with a moral purpose which is perhaps somewhat too obtrusive; and *A Family Secret* §§ is one of those sensational or melodramatic stories in which America is almost as fruitful as, to our misfortune, is the English literature of the present day.

* *The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity.* By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1876.

† *The Ultimate Generalization: an Effort in the Philosophy of Science.* New York: C. P. Somerly. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Cultivation of Art, and its Relations to Religious Puritanism and Money-Getting.* By R. S. Cooper. New York: Butts & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§ *The American Angler's Guide: or, Complete Fisher's Manual for the United States.* Fifth Edition. Illustrated. By John J. Brown. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

|| *Illustrated Lessons in Our Language: or, How to Speak and Write Correctly.* By G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D., Author of "First Lessons in Composition," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶ *The Spur of Monmouth; or, Washington in Arms: an Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution.* By an ex-Pension Agent. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffeltinger. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

** *Patriot and Tory, One Hundred Years Ago: a Tale of the Revolution.* By Julia McNair Wright. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Jones Brothers & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

†† *Free, yet Forging Their Own Chains.* By C. M. Cornwall. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡‡ *Shadowed Perils.* A Novel. By M. A. Avery, Author of "The Loyal Bride," &c. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§§ *A Family Secret.* A Novel. By "Elsie Hay." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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